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Bt. from H. M. Murphy

William Parnie.

141 C
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e. 113

ORIGINAL

SONGS AND POEMS,

IN

English and Gaelic.

BY

ALEXANDER MACKAY,

BUTLER AT MOYHALL.

My Muse on soaring pinions ne'er shall roam,
But humbly piper of her native home.

CLARE.

INVERNESS:

PRINTED AT THE JOURNAL OFFICE.

1821.

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DEDICATION.

TO

THE MOST NOBLE

GEORGE, MARQUIS OF HUNTLY, G. C. B.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL OF THE FORCES, COLONEL OF THE 1ST REGT. OF FOOT, AND LATE OF THE 42D, OR ROYAL HIGHLANDERS.

MY LORD—

ENCOURAGED by your Lordship's popular character, and condescending manners, I have the honour to submit these Trifles to the favour and protection of your Lordship, the acknowledged Friend and Patron of the Song, as well as every other interest, of Caledonia.

Though I do not intend, my Lord, by a needless panegyric on your Lordship's virtues—which posterity must no less honour, than every unbiassed witness of your own time—yet it is the highest gratification to my feelings in publishing to the world, that your Lordship has deigned to encourage these humble original Trifles, less, I am aware, on account of their intrinsic merits, than (what stamps them of deeper value in your Lordship's estimation) their being the production of an untutored Highlander.

I have the honour to be,
MY LORD,
With sentiments of the deepest gratitude,
Your Lordship's much obliged,
Most obedient, and very devoted servant

ALEX. MACKAY.

PREFACE.

At the earnest, and repeated, instances of several particular and partial friends, the Author of the present Volume of Miscellaneous Original Trifles, has ventured to lay them before the public. Tremblingly alive to their imperfections, and to his inability to do justice to many of the subjects he has undertaken, he bespeaks the amplest indulgence in their behalf. Anxious to afford pleasure and entertainment to his readers, his paramount object has been, to diversify his topics as far as his circumscribed capabilities would permit, and his hopes of success are only exceeded by the earnestness of his wishes. The productions of an individual denied the ordinary advantages of education, demand, above all others, the most liberal inspection; and experience has always shewn, that the candour of an enlightened public is ever ready to encourage the pretensions of the unassuming. The Author, availing himself of this protection, most humbly takes leave now to place his little Volume in the hands of his numerous and highly respectable Subscribers. To please the candid is his highest ambition; and if he secure but a tithe of the approbation bestowed on even the humblest of his Celtic ancestors, fortunate indeed will he consider his poetic attempt. It must be admitted, however, that the labours of the Poet, in modern days, furnish examples of severer remark than any other effusions of the human mind, whilst none deserve better, or have a fairer claim to, partial consideration. Prosaic writers—who may have new doctrines to inculcate, or theories to promote, and hence have an in-

terest often in wresting reason from its right path—seem more legitimate objects of scrutiny: but the Poet has no wish, to run counter in his effusions to the established maxims of the public mind: his sole and anxious delight is the cultivation of the social and moral virtues—his object, to please—and his end, the happiness of his species. His endeavour is, whether by giving-in to the prejudices of his fellow-men, or delineating objects interesting to all, to touch the finer chords and awake the sympathies of the heart; and the nearer he approaches to the skill of the master-hand, the more flattering it proves to a Poet's first ambition—the award of "an honest fame." In pursuing such a system of universal benevolence, he acquires at least the approbation of his own mind; and as the grosser ideas of loss and gain are seldom or never entertained by the genuine Son of Song, he has little to look-for, in reward of all his toils, but the cordial smiles of those whom he seeks to please.

It may not unfrequently be remarked, on perusing these pages, that the English is not the Author's vernacular tongue. Only at the request of several of his friends he was induced to admit into his work any but his Gaelic compositions—that language in which Ossian and his forefathers sung. It is therefore humbly presumed, that if, in the judgment of his readers, the Author may have partially failed in the English, that the circumstance now mentioned will carry along with it his amplest apology. Nor would he be understood to insinuate, that his Gaelic productions come within the description of positive excellence. Like all other knowledge, literary taste can only be acquired by studious habits, and the bias of education. The former he has seldom had it in his power to indulge, and the latter fortune never permitted him to acquire. Still, he would humbly hope, that any transgression of the rules of just criticism will be overlooked. Such, however, as cannot bear with the attempts of the unlearned, must sincerely be commended in putting aside the present Volume: but still there be,

to whom the Author's toils are devoted, who feel a rational enjoyment in all that bears a rustic air; while others may prize the native Muse, because she often sings on the heather-braes, and often on the bleakest hills, of Caledonia.

Notwithstanding the unvariedly kind encouragement the Author has experienced in collecting Subscribers to his Work, it still must be confessed, that the Poetry of the present age is relatively less cherished and cultivated, than in any which has preceded. To what this deterioration may be imputed, it is perhaps a matter somewhat difficult to decide. Can it be, that every legitimate subject of the Muse is now exhausted? or is it, that the refinement of modern times has supplanted an art, which our fathers cultivated with delight? However this may be, the rejection which the Muse in more southern meridians almost uniformly experiences, goes far to prove, that society in its polished state, is little inclined to number her among their pleasing attractions. In the Highlands of Scotland—where the light of learning, amongst certain classes, may be said to be only in its dawn,—a keener taste for poetry prevails, than perhaps in any other portion of the Kingdom. There, every mind is in some degree influenced by the spirit of native song: scarce a family of any number exists, but boasts its household Bard; whilst every valley is vocal, and every mountain a Parnassus.

> Firm seat of religion, of valour, of truth,
> Of genius unshackled and free,
> The Muses have left all the vales of the South,
> My lov'd Caledonia, for thee.
>
> HOGG.

Man, in his ruder state, naturally thinks, and feels, with intensity, but, at the same time, simply in the extreme. Limited in his number of ideas, he soon exhausts his little store, when, as a matter of necessity, he is forced to take refuge in the world of fancy, to satisfy the urgent calls of his mental appetite. With this spirit our fathers were inspired, in the peace-

ful vallies or on the green knolls, trimming their shepherd's crooks with wild-flowers, some fair or fickle dulcinea their sole care, save when the straying of a kid marred the symphony of their song. Mankind, in refined life, on the other hand, have it in their power to profit by the written experiences of ages which have preceded them,—when even the meanest minds are endued with a degree of intelligence unexampled. What age or country, for instance, ever exhibited so intelligent a people as Britons generally of the present day? High mental cultivation, however, seems unfavourable to the interests of Fancy and the Muse—the weeds of political controversy overgrowing the soil, whilst true poesy is comparatively neglected. Enough, however, has been said to show, that whilst Poetry is "in the sear and yellow leaf" in more favoured climes, it is reserved for the Genius of Caledonia to nurse, like her mountain-liberty in elder times, all that is beneficial or gratifying to man.

> Caledonia! my country! whose children have flown
> From their castles and cots to the ranks of resistance;
> Like their own Northern Lights their achievements have shone,
> And kindled applause at the earth's farthest distance.
> Whose hills, in their waste,
> With more beauty are grac'd
> Than vineyards of plenty and gardens of taste:
> And still shall she prosper, her free Sons combin'd,
> To triumph in song, and the rights of mankind.
>
> AMERICAN PAPER.

In offering the above observations, the author has perhaps exceeded the bounds of discretion, considering that his own productions fill the present volume. He, however, builds nothing on the score of his compositions, sensibly aware as he is of their many imperfections. In penning them, his sole aim was his own amusement; and in offering them to the public, he has only listened to the solicitations of his friends: and if a single smile of approbation be bestowed on, happy indeed will he consider, his feeble attempts in rhyme.

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English Poems.

ORIGINAL

SONGS AND POEMS.

EPISTLE TO THE AUTHOR,

FROM A FRIEND IN TAIN.

TAIN, X. *Mass-day*, 1820.

SIEL on your pow, my liltin loun,
You'rè just Bard ROBIE to my thumb;
O' a' the lads that I hear soun',
Ye are the Dandy:
May heal keep aye your heart aboon,
My winsome Sandy.

I thought our auld Scots Muse was dead,
She dwin'd sae lang, and hang her head,
But now o' that I hae nae dread,
Gin you be spared,
She'll a ye be gettin' something gude
To cheer her heart.

Fair fa' you, an' fair fa' you yet,
And may you never thole a strait:
We Norlan' lads need ne'er expect
Sae weel to blaw
On Sivan reed, wi' sic effect,
When ye're awa.

Nae ither Bard, I'm sure there be,
Frae Gretna-green to Pentland Sea,
That can dird aff the poetry
Wi' half your skill;
Then, up wi't, man, in * Nature's glee,
Her law fulfil.

The Laureat, he in Lon'on toon,
I'm sure, gin he were comin' doon,
Wad ca' on thee, my winsome loun,
And cour his wing,
To spend an evening an' a croon,
To hear you sing.

Sae easy ilka scene you open,
Were Robie Burns not dead and rotten,

* Poeta nascitur, sed non fit.

I wad aver, but ony jokin',
Nor do I banter,
You had gi'en him a hearty slokin',
To tune your chanter.

But, honest man, he's at his rest,
An' peace wi' him, he'll no be miss'd,
We've got anither, praise be bless'd,
To blaw the whistle;
That dirls aff whate'er we list,
As clean's a mussel.

But, Sandy, should your name be borne
By Fame's loud blast, ayont Kinghorn,
Yon canker'd chields will hae their horn
Into your hip;
But treat them a' wi' cauldrif scorn,
And curl your lip.

For, snarlin' Critics! gin ye ettle
At him your senseless tittle-tattle;
Or, sud you mean to try your mettle,
Or tyne or win,
Ye'll see wha first will flinch the battle,
Or turn an' rin.

Gin ye wad only mird to bung
Snaw ba's at him, or cry he's dung,
He'll gar you had your ill-scrap'd tongue,
Wi' wyllie wordies,
Or ablins lay his Highland rung
Athwart your hurdies.

For, Alister, ye hae nae nief,
To write, an' sing, an' trill, an' whiff,—
To baulk these churls ye hae a brief
'Gainst their black art,
A Noble Freend you hae in fief,
To tak your part.

A Huntly, great in conscious worth,
Adds lustre to exalted birth,
Bids merit soar aboon the earth,
On wing sublime;
And e'en Moy's Butler ushers forth,
In wit to chime.

O! had I sic a Patron, Sir,
I would defy each critic cur,
Nor ae day langer would demur,
But print ootright:
Whate'er in cranium might occur,
Should come to light.

My Muse their filthy mou' should dit,
Or pump their brains—or rack their wit—
Or vent their spleen until they split—
Their paunches scart;—
I wadna gie a grey gouk's spit
For a' their art.

But now, my Muse begins to grudge,
An' says she winna be my drudge;
Sae, aff she scours, an' let her trudge,
Ise no provoke her;
Gin she but huff, I darena budge,
Or mair invoke her.

A——B——.

To Mr. ALEX. MACKAY,

ON HEARING OF HIS POEMS AND SONGS COMING OUT.

My Brother dear,
I'm glad to hear
Your Book is shortly coming out;
In English rhyme,
And Gaelic time,
You are to give us song about.

Then never fear,
But persevere,
And let the world know what you've done;
I'd ne'er expect
In you neglect,
Then dash away thro' thick and thin.

At your command
The Muses stand,
Then be not slack—but court them still,
And joyful sing,
And they may bring
You up to high Parnassus hill.

You've on your list,
I hope and trust,
Many a good and Noble name—
Names that are dear
To Scotland's ear,
Immortal in the rolls of Fame.

Then may you meet
A welcome sweet,
As round you circulate your Book,
Which may entice
Your future choice,
And make you careless where to look.

Then sound the Leys,
And all the braes,
Betwixt Moy-Hall and Inverness;
And draw the vales,
The hills and dales,
And sing them in their native dress.

The fertile plain,
Where rustic swain,
Delights in summer-eve to pass
An hour or two,
From parents' view,
A-courting some sweet country lass.

Then be not dull,
By brook nor rill,
For Nature is a book sublime;
In every age,
It yields a page
To every pond'ring Son of Rhyme.

The heath'ry hill,
Where roves at will
Many a nimble hart and roe—
Where shepherds keep
Their goats and sheep,
And liberty's fair breezes blow.

Where discontent
A day ne'er spent,
Since Charlie was by foes pursu'd—
Where honest toil
The hours beguile,
Which every morning is renewed.

As for my sake,
Your own way take,
By fountain or by flowery brae;—
Still most fervent
I'm your servant,
And true well-wisher—JOHN MACRAE.

TO SIR ÆNEAS MACKINTOSH
OF MACKINTOSH, BART.

WRITTEN IN 1815.

IN former days, when time was young,
And Bards CLAN CHATTAN's praises sung—
When feudal war the land o'erspread,
With wounded heaps and valiant dead—
When widows' tears,
And maidens' fears,

And clang of arms,
And dire alarms,
Pervaded all the land,
And stern Bellona hovered o'er
Caledonia's hapless shore,
As if determin'd to expel
All that had life from hill and dell,
And rule with iron hand:—

'Twas then thy fathers, now laid low,
Left private life and private joys,
And rush'd to bloody fields, to know
What pleasures spring from battle's noise:
In every stage of every reign,
Untouch'd by faction's slightest stain,
They rallied round the Throne:
For Kings—by rebel-subjects driven,
Like summer-cloud by wind of heaven—
Their pity always shone.

Nor fear'd they aught from high or low,
The battle or the siege;
If honour call'd them on to death,
They scrupled not to lose their breath,
In fighting for their Liege:

TO SIR ÆNEAS MACKINTOSH OF MACKINTOSH, BART.

On Loyalty's unshaken rock,
With firm resolve they stood:
When jealous Faction's 'whelming flood
Brought hapless Mary to the block,
And feasted in her blood:
Mary—than whom no female mind
More wit and beauty e'er combin'd,
Dragg'd from her home to grace a rival's Court,
Of knaves the victim, and of fools the sport!

Nor less, when guilt assum'd a darker stain,
Swell'd by the treasons of a Charles's reign;
Or, later still, when James, ill-fated, left
The land his fathers gain'd with so much toil,
Of fortune, fame, of every good bereft,
To seek a refuge on a foreign soil;
Or when, by luring promises deceived,
His gallant Son
Began t'explore
The rocks that lin'd his country's shore,
And first some trophies wore;
But soon, by adverse fate oppos'd,
His short career of glory clos'd,
For Scotia's fate he griev'd:
Faithful still thy Clan maintain'd

TO SIR ÆNEAS MACKINTOSH OF MACKINTOSH, BART.

The name thy predecessors gain'd,
The while in Moy the heroes reign'd
With full Baronial power;
A name they never yet have lost,
Though oft by stormy tempests tost,
But held it firm, whate'er the cost,
In each successive hour.

Where'er heroic courage dwells,
Where'er the breast with valour swells,
Be laurel-wreaths decreed!
Whether for Chieftains, captive-led,
Or foemen, stretch'd in gory bed—
Remember'd be the dead!

Years after years successive roll,
And generations pass away,
Yet leave behind them on the soul
Of foemen, feats of dazzling ray;
For, even now, with willing ear,
We listen to the tales of old,
And shed the sympathetic tear
O'er all the sorrows of the bold:
Or, in imagination, pour
Soft Pity's healing balm

TO SIR ÆNEAS MACKINTOSH OF MACKINTOSH, BART.

Upon their griefs, who now no more
  Have need of mental calm.

Hail, Chieftain of CLAN CHATTAN's Line!
  The pride, the hope of MOY,
    The honours thine,
  And thine the joy,
That from a race so great and good,
Of such a pure, untainted blood
  Thou tracest thy descent;
Happy they with thee who claim
The high-distinguish'd, trophied name,
To which a never-dying fame
  A great renown has lent:
The dazzling crest, the blazon'd coat,
The Castle in its guardian moat,
The banner free as mountain-air,
The crowded table's sumptuous fare,
  Are not thy greatest glory:
True to thy King and country's cause,
The firm supporter of the laws;
In thee the widow finds a friend,
On thee the orphan's hopes depend,
  And give thy deeds to story.

Since at this day, with peace profound,
And every earthly blessing crown'd,
  Thy Clan enjoys repose;
Free from ills that civil wars,
And domestic, feudal jars
  Entail on deadly foes;
Happy in the wedded state,
Free from the vices of the great,
  Of friendship's sweets possess'd,—
Long may the Chieftain's bliss endure,
And pleasures most refin'd and pure
  Continual fill his breast!

ON AN IRISHMAN,

WHO FASTENED A QUARREL ON A DESERVING SCOTCH OFFICER.

A BABE once was born, and it is not uncommon,
In Dublin, whose mother, folks said, was a woman,
And this little brat never had any brother,
Till chang'd in the dark one clear day for another.

He was but an infant, till age made him older,
Then listed, and folks said he sure was a soldier;

ON AN IRISHMAN.

'Twixt his shoulders, in battle, he carried his head,
And ne'er saw himself in his life time kill'd dead.

When thirsty, good Claret he'd drink when he got,
Which commonly ran, it is said, down his throat;
His tongue it would wag, if he talk'd to a friend,
And he ne'er walk'd before if he follow'd behind.

He open'd his mouth when he happen'd to grin,
And it stood across 'twixt his nose and his chin;
His face was the queerest you ever had known,
For his eyes made a pair, and his nose stood alone.

Pat married a widow who once was a maid,
Then bought a commission, but nothing e'er paid;
His wife had a clapper to stand for all riches,
So, Pat had no trouble in wearing the breeches.

Pat lov'd his dear *Curnel*, and so knock'd him down
One day in the country, in heart of the town—
Was tried and cashier'd that night the same day,
But thought it no loss as he'd nothing to pay.

Then he walk'd out of Ireland one day in his bed,
For fear he'd be murder'd before he was dead;
With a few Irish friends he ran slow all alone,
And shut both his two eyes for fear he'd be known.

But now he is gone, and 'tis said that his death
Was occasioned entirely by want of his breath;
But peace to his bones, that in ashes now moulder,
Had he liv'd a day longer, he'd been a day older.

ON THE
MARQUIS OF HUNTLY'S MARRIAGE.

AULD Scotland's lealfu' Clans a' round,
Wi' meikle mirth and glee abound,
Till a' the Highland hills resound,
Wi' Brodie's name and Gordon's.

THE MACKINTOSH'S hill-fires blaze,
The bumper fills, the piper plays,
Each Highland heart its homage pays
To Brodie's worth and Gordon's.

Frae Huntly to the Pentland sea,
There's not a heart but bounds wi' glee,
Whilst brisk gaes round the barley-bree
To Brodie's health and Gordon's.

Lochaber-men are at their post,
On every hill, a health to toast

To Huntly, all their Highland boast,
And the roof-tree of Gordon.

He wha lives in hearts o' a',
Hears his brave TWA-SCORE-AN'-TWA
Raise, wi' mony a loud huzza,
The Brodie's praise and Gordon's.

The wounded warrior hears the sound,
An' foots without his crutch the ground;
His toils are paid, his glory's crown'd,
In Brodie's joy and Gordon's.

A pearl o' bonniest hue I ween,
A rose-bud on its stalk so green,
Is lovely Brodie, row'd this e'en
In tartan plaid o' Gordon.

Glad an' gleesome may she be,
Amang the valiant Clan sae free,
An' bear in Fashion's ring the gree,
Like NOBLE JANE o' Gordon.

May ane sae fond, an' ane sae fair,
Inherit a' the virtues rare,
An' aye the palm o' merit bear,
To gild the shield o' Gordon.

HIGHLAND LADDIE.—A Song.

Air—The same.

COMPOSED ON HEARING OF THE MARQUIS OF HUNTLY'S PAYING HIS ADDRESSES TO HIS NOW AMIABLE MARCHIONESS, AND THE PROSPECT OF HIS BEING ORDERED ON FOREIGN SERVICE.

Inspire my lay ye tuneful Nine,
Though *Forty-five a while forbade ye,
Now we may sing without a crime,
The praises of the Highland Laddie.

O! my bonny Highland Lad,
My handsome charming Highland Laddie—
May Heaven protect, and still direct,
Caledonia, and her Highland Laddie.

His manly air, his graceful mien,
Attract the gaze of Lord and Lady,
When he appears in armour sheen,
Dress'd like a stately Highland Laddie.

O! my bonny Highland Lad, &c.

A tartan plaid, short coat and kilt,
Blent hose, blue bonnet and cockaddie,

* The year 1745.

HIGHLAND LADDIE.

A purse, and sword, hung on his belt,
Equip my handsome Highland Laddie.

O! my bonny Highland Lad, &c.

Hence ermine, gauds, and silk attire,
That grace the Lowland Beau and Lady;
The Highland garb, which all admire,
Adorns by bonny Highland Laddie.

O! my bonny Highland Lad, &c.

He courts with such enchanting grace,
His kiss so sweet, his love so steady;
And O! the witching soft embrace
Of my kind, blooming Highland Laddie.

O! my bonny Highland Lad, &c.

He said his heart would never range,
And I confess he ne'er was giddy;
And mine I feel can never change
To my dear, charming Highland Laddie.

O! my bonny Highland Lad, &c.

When war's alarms call to the field
My brave undaunted Highland Laddie,
His courage prompt disdains to yield,
Till fields with vanquish'd foes are bloody.

O! my bonny Highland Lad, &c.

He's now gone forth to quell the foe,
And he'll return both true and steady;
When glorious laurels crown his brow,
Then he'll make me his Highland Lady.

O! my bonny Highland Lad, &c.

LINES

ON LADY MACKINTOSH'S DEPARTURE FROM MOY-HALL.

KIND Lady! 'tis told us, with many a sad tear,
Thou departest our Mansion to-day,
And the sigh of regret fills this bosom sincere—
A faint homage, but all I can pay.

The robin already sits doleful and sad,
Scarce a song now is heard from his tree—
That song which so lately was blithsome and glad,
And pour'd forth in praises to thee.

How lonely our halls, and how cheerless our bow'rs
Shall appear, till thy wish'd-for return;
Expectation shall number the drowsy slow hours,
Till the final date of thy sojourn.

LINES ON LADY MACKINTOSH'S DEPARTURE FROM MOY-HALL.

O! what can compensate for what thou shalt lose,
In all that thou leavest behind—
Each green tree and sweet-scented shrub clad with dews,
The roe-buck, the hart, and the hind:

The bird in each brier, the eagle on high,
The lake and the landscape so fair,
The heather-clad mountain that meets the mid sky,
And the garden, not least thy fond care.

May the moments flee cheerily o'er thy retreat,
And health e'er attend in thy train,
Whilst the joy of our hearts, and our blessings, shall greet
Thy return to these Mansions again.

In our grateful affections long, long thou shalt shine,
The fair star of our fondest esteem,
Till in spheres far on high, with a lustre divine,
Not a cloud shall obscure thy mild beam.

IMPROMPTU,

ON JAMES GRANT DRESSING A SNUFF-HORN FOR THE AUTHOR.

My friend, James Grant, I thee have sent
A buck's horn, rude and rough,
For thee to make, for Sandy's sake,
A box to hold his snuff.

Then dress it well, with all the skill
Thy tasteful talent shows,
And there's my hand, thou may'st command
My friendship by the nose.

Snuff's fiery grains all mortals' brains
Inspire, both great and small;
And many a one by snuff have shone,
Who had no brains at all.

The Lawyer's box with thumb he knocks,
And takes a cheering dibble;
Then leave alone his wig and gown
To hatch a glorious quibble.

The sage Physician, by potent *snishen*,
Looks wise to cure or kill,
And lifts his stature a cubit greater,
Even greater than his Bill.

So, James, my friend, I hope you'll send
My snuff-horn back betimes;
Since snuff elates such learned Pates,
It too may help my Rhymes.

SONG,

COMPOSED ON ADMIRAL RODNEY AND LOCKHART OF LEE, GAINING A VICTORY OVER THE SPANISH FLEET.

COME on, ye brave heroes of Britain's fair Isle,
Who sweep the wild watery main;
Whilst I sing the deeds done, and the laurels well won,
Let ocean re-echo the strain.
Brave Lockhart and Rodney their praise I proclaim,
Whose deeds in all ages shall flourish in fame;
And when Time's latest records on earth shall be furl'd,
Be it storied in heav'n what they dar'd in the world.

From Spithead their glorious Navies set sail,
Kind fortune too bless'd the design;
And, as gaily they sweep o'er the bill'wy blue deep,
Spy eight Spanish ships of the line.

His life, as a trifle, each brave Briton held,
While a foe on the ocean remain'd unrepell'd;
Their own native element Tars shall command,
Like the eagle in air, and the lion on land.

The proud flag of England wav'd high in the van,
The signal to clear and fight on,
Each anchor a-trip, yard to yard, ship to ship—
Sorry sight to the pitiful Don:
Our Tars at their quarters fought 'gainst cruel odds,
Fierce as foes on Olympus when gods war with gods;
The cannon loud roar'd, while each scorn'd to retire,
The sun veil'd in smoke, and an ocean of fire.

Twelve hours Fate prolong'd the fight, fearful and fell,
Till Victory deign'd to appear,
When the latest loud din of the hoarse culverin
Taught the proud Don to tremble and fear.
Like a log on the ocean his ships did remain,
Never more to bravado the proud flag of Spain,

And how great was the triumph and vic'try complete,
When the vanquish'd foe conquer'd renown in defeat!

Five ships now were boarded, two sunk in the deep,
And one sought her safety in flight;
Blood and carnage and wreck lay strew'd o'er each deck,
Even Victory pin'd at the sight.
Then the brave Tars of Britain fill'd each his grog-can,
Scarce aware they had vanquish'd the boasting, vain Don;
But vict'ry at sea is their privilege given,
Who conquer by charter, and hold it of Heaven.

BRITANNIA MOURNING THE LAMENTED DEATH OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS *THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF WALES.*

THY heavy loss the weeping Muse deplores,
Each aggravated circumstance explores:
Awake! ye tender feelings of the mind,
Be you, to aid the generous grief, combin'd;

With you permit true sympathy to turn,
And drop a tear on Charlotte's hallow'd urn.
With solemn awe your wandering foot shall tread
The lonely vault—the mansion of the dead,
Where lies interr'd the Prince's choicest care,—
A Nation's fondest expectation, there,
Wither'd and blasted by one awful stroke,
Which near connection, tend'rest friendship,
broke!

With nicest care the lovely Plant was rais'd;
With fond delight the doating Nation gaz'd.

O! cruel Death! why not avert thy aim?
Why blooming youth for thy sad victim claim?
Why hasty summon thus a lovely Bride,
'Midst health and friends, to every charm allied?
Hadst thou releas'd the captive from his chain,
Or tottering age from misery and pain;
Each must have hail'd thee as a welcome guest,
Who kindly came to give the weary rest.—

Relentless Tyrant! thy despotic sway
Princes and peasants, old and young, obey.
Poignant distress the Nation's mind pervades—
Its brightest prospects veil'd in darkest shades.

At such a sight, the Prince might thus exclaim:
"Return, Despoiler! take another aim,
I bare my breast---complete the half-done deed!
This grief-wrung bosom ne'er shall cease to bleed
Till in its wound thou drench thy mortal dart,
And from my eyes this world for ever part.
Then, farewell! earthly grandeur and renown,
I long to share the sainted Charlotte's crown."

Awful, indeed, these providences are,—
Useful, important lessons, they declare.
Though sudden, yet unusual, was the blow,
Which laid the pride of princely prospects low.

Such strokes as these, the force of friendship tries,—
Such strokes our fairest prospects all surprise;
For while these shafts around promiscuous fly,
They sound th' alarm, that all mankind must die.

O! could the dear deceas'd again return,
What lessons would she wish her friends to learn!
In accents soft, unknown to human ears,
Methinks she'd beg you to suppress your tears.
O! hear a sister-spirit's gentle voice
Exhorting; "Make Religion first your choice;

ON THE DEATH OF THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

Leave to the gay and dissipated throng
Those sensual pleasures that must end ere long;
Those husks of time can never fill the mind,—
Spirits must feed on pleasures more refin'd—
Pleasures that end not with life's fleeting day,
But, with one bright and undiminish'd ray,
Reflect extatic pleasures o'er the soul,
While countless ages in their circuit roll.
Did you, my Parents! know my happy state,
How would my bliss your drooping minds elate!
Cease, then, to grieve, from fruitless tears refrain,
Your loss has prov'd, to me, eternal gain.
Here Heavenly splendour lavishes her stores;
My Spirit gazes, wonders, and adores:
The vocal minds, in sympathy divine,
The glorious anthem, the grand chorus join;
Exulting myriads hymn Messiah's praise—
All ranks and orders swell the lofty lays;
Heav'ns sounding portals echo back the joy,
And Haleluias every tongue employ.
But, Oh! what grandeur Deity displays!
The Godhead, shining with refulgent rays,
Emits such blaze of glory through the skies,—
Admiring Angels veil their ravish'd eyes—

Cast their bright crowns with rev'rence at his feet---
Receive his smiles---and own their joys complete!"

SONG.

O! mony a wearisome gate I ha'e gane,
O'er mony a wild moor, o'er mony a burn-stane;
An' mony a fair maiden right lo'esome ha'e seen,
But nane like the lassie I danc'd wi' yestreen.
Like the saft-fauldin lilly, sae mild an' sae sweet,
In gentleness winning, in beauty complete;
She's the pride o' the valley, sae graceful her mein,
An' nane's like the lassie I danc'd wi' yestreen.

Sae tender, sae perfect, sae simple to woo,
Ne'er mingled in ane like the lassie I lo'e;
She has witch'd my blithe heart, wi' the glance o' her een,
An' I'll soon wed the lassie I danc'd wi' yestreen.
Ye maids o' my native vale, fare ye a' weel!
May true-loves prove faithfu', an' lovers a' leal,
For I ken, by the light o' her bonny blue een,
Mine ain is the lassie I danc'd wi' yestreen.

TO THE MEMORY OF
LIEUT.-COLONEL MACKINTOSH,
OF THE 79TH REGIMENT.

His virtues live, which we may now explore,
And be the pencil to the picture true,
Trace with precision just each beauty o'er,
Till all their lustre rise before the view.

ANONYMOUS.

FAREWELL! brave man, oh! just beheld and gone!
Fall'n like a blossom in thy manhood's zone,
Born with a nature well design'd to please,
The soldier's spirit, modesty, and ease—
That charm'd unconscious, won our warmest praise,
And kindled friendship in the stranger's gaze;
Ingenuous, mild, benevolent, humane,
Tho' gentle, firm—accomplish'd, tho' not vain.
These finer traits by Nature's pencil wrought,
Improv'd by feeling, and refin'd by thought,
Through the clear mirror of reflection seen,
Liv'd in thy looks, and charm'd us in thy mien.
The honest heart, by prompting nature fir'd,
The candid tongue, by artless truth inspir'd,

TO THE MEMORY OF LIEUT.-COLONEL MACKINTOSH.

The tears, at suffering virtue, taught to flow,
The feeling breast, that mourn'd another's woe:
O'er all thy mind these noble features run,
And burst like buds beneath the genial sun.
Oh! early summon'd in thy vernal bloom,
Interr'd untimely in a stranger's tomb—
Why was the sad, the last embrace deny'd?
Why dead so distant from thy kindred's side?
Why might their breasts no thrilling anguish share,
Nor mourn their last, their lov'd, their only care?
Was there no kind, no weeping brother near—
No friend to stretch thee on thy funeral bier?
No parent's hand to fold thy closing eyes,
Kiss thy cold lips, and catch thy dying sighs?
Hang deeply mournful till their hearts o'erflow,
And melt in streams of sympathetic woe?
A stranger's hand this mournful duty paid;
A stranger's arms sustain'd thy fainting head;
A stranger's bosom heav'd the bursting groan;
Yes—strangers wept, they mourn'd thee as their own.
Yet, why departed spirit, ever dear,
Thus o'er thy mem'ry streams th' unbidden tear?
Why weep the change? releas'd to heavenly joys,
From these bleak climes of vice, of care, and noise,

Escap'd from passion's rage, from envy's snare,
The dreams of grandeur, and the stings of care,
From all that sin, and fear, and grief conceal,
The woes we fancy, and the pangs we feel—
To brighter realms, where virtue's crowns display
Their blooms perennial, and defy decay;
Where joys immortal unto thee are given,
Thy prospect, glory—and thy refuge, Heaven.

THE DAY'S PURSUIT;
OR, TWO SHOTS AT ONE CROW.

At first he thought some danger might be near,
But soon accus'd his trembling friend of fear,
The wild illusion of a slumbering brain—
"For peace' sake, hush!" with moans the other said;
"A lion's at the bottom of the bed,
My foot this moment touch'd his shaggy mane."

While thus they paus'd with apprehension pale,
A serjeant bold, who sent the waiter there,
Now seiz'd the direful cause of all their care—
A hairy knapsack, and so ends the tale.

PARSONS (THE ACTOR) AND THE LION.

ONE November's chill morn, when the forest was bare,
And cold in her form crouch'd the timid poor hare,

THE DAY'S PURSUIT.

Two sportsmen, intent puss's covert to find,
Gave the rein to their steeds, and their cares to the wind.
Over moss, over moor, over dingle and dell,
The hunters and hounds sallied onward pell-mell,
But soon was arrested their speed and their glee,
As a creature croak'd forth from the root of a tree;
And hoarse was the sound as a witch-hag's wild cry
When she sails on a cloud with her broom thro' the sky.
The sportsmen dismounted to know the dire cause,
Each holding his breath to hear, deeply in pause,
Then fir'd their charg'd muskets, and charg'd them again,
When another loud croak spoke a creature in pain;
And the nearer they ventur'd, more fierce their fears grew,
Convinc'd 'twas *unearthly*, because it look'd *blue*.
Then stoop'd at the tree-root to peep at their prize,
With looks half of terror, and half of surprize,
Where the creature sat croaking and writhing in woe—
Not unearthly at all, but a limping *old Crow!!*

MARY.

Woe, to the youth whom Fancy gains,
Winning from Reason's hand the reins,
Pity and woe! for such a mind
Is soft, contemplative, and kind.

* * * *

He lov'd—his soul did nature frame
For love: and Fancy nurs'd the flame;
Vainly he lov'd—for seldom swain
Of such soft mould is lov'd again.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

WHY steals from my bosom the sigh?
Why fix'd is my gaze on the ground?
Come, give me my reed, and I'll try
To banish my cares with the sound.

'Twas taught by my Mary's sweet smile,
In the mirth-loving chorus to join;
Ah, me! how unwitting the while!
Sweet Mary can never be mine.

Another, more happy, the maid
By fortune is destin'd to bless;
But though my false hopes have betray'd,
Ah! why should I love her the less?

MARY.

Her beauties are bright as the morn—
With rapture I counted them o'er :
Such virtues these beauties adorn,
I view'd *her*, and prais'd *them* the more.

I call'd her not beauty divine—
I term'd her not goddess of love ;
I spoke not as fashions incline ;—
Alas ! are there fashions in love ?

The vow of my truth knew no art,
It was heard in my heart-core's deep sigh,
It reign'd in the throb of my heart,
It gleam'd in the glance of mine eye.

She is soft as the dew-drops that fall
From lip of the sweet-scented pea ;
Perhaps when she smil'd upon all,
I have thought that she smil'd upon me.

But, ah ! though I cannot express
Why I foolishly doat on my pain,
Ye will not believe it the less,
Though I have not the skill to complain.

TO MRS. MILLER,

IN THE 90TH YEAR OF HER AGE.

.....Such a theme
Suits well the thoughtful and unthinking mind.

COWPER.

Weak is the hope of mortal birth,
And small the bounds of mortal fame,
The song that emanates in earth,
Earth's perishable praise shall claim;
Ye powers of sacred verse! reclaim
The long-spent life—thy native aim,
Religion's awful theme, record;
Her's is the palm which ne'er decays,
Her's is the crown, whose starry blaze
Revives the wreck of worlds, firm as Jehovah's word.

ODE ON SACRED POETRY.

MAY health, good Lady! still attend
Thy pilgrimage below,
And every bliss that Heaven can send
In streams benignant flow.

May ne'er a Christian's hopes beguile
On life's delusive road—
Man live's here but a little while
To fit him for his God.

And when the soul, with life's last sigh,
Forsakes its drear domain,
May guardian angels, hovering nigh,
Bear it to God again.

The sun's last beams are shed on earth,
His glories gently fly:
Thus goes the aged Christian forth---
Thus can a Christian die.

Death's awful vale is passed soon---
Death's darkest clouds are driven;
Then fairer than the sun at noon
Is a bright Saint in Heaven.

SONG.

Hey, Ewen! now ye're happy,
How, Ewen! now ye're nappy,
Ye've been at it a' the night,
Tastin' o' the girdit cappie.

While Ewen has a drap to drink,
Ewen prees it e'en an' mornin',

SONG.

Fills the bicker to the brink,
For Ewen's drowth is ever burnin'.
Hey, Ewen! &c.

It fills his heart in gleefu' tune,
It gars his tongue run meikle faster,
An' when he drinks his siller dune,
He lays the wyte upo' the mautster.
Hey, Ewen! &c.

Now mony a year has flown awa,
Sin' Ewen danc'd at Christy's weddin'—
The blithest night e'er Ewen saw,
For then he made the byre his bed in.
Hey, Ewen! &c.

At Highlan' weddin', wake, or fair,
Ewen's aye amang the thrangest,
An' fou or sober, late or ear',
Ewen sings an' drinks the langest.
Hey, Ewen! &c.

SONG.

WILLIE AND PEGGY.

Air—"Thou'rt gane awa frae me, Mary."

Oft, oft, I've climb'd the steepy rocks
For ripen'd sloes to thee, Peggy,
Compar'd them with thy darker locks,
When none but love could see, Peggy.
But, fear I, one with fortune blest
Has favour in your e'e, Peggy,
An' fools of fortune maids love best,
For so the fates decree, Peggy.

Yon headlong linn that roars so loud
Shall sooner silent be, Willie,
Yon tow'ring rocks that top the cloud,
Lie level with the lea, Willie.
Till my last hour and latest breath
I will remember thee, Willie,
And only the cold hand of death
Shall part that thought and me, Willie.

In my fond bosom thou shalt creep,
There let thy dwelling be, Peggy;
And I shall wake while thousands sleep,
To toil for wealth to thee, Peggy.

My plough shall tear the rugged ground,
My scythe shall crop the lea, Peggy,
My store shall thrive, and wealth abound,
And I'll give all to thee, Peggy.

May He that oft has seen us blest
Reward thy love to me, Willie,
And none of proudest wealth possesst,
Shall ever marry me, Willie.
One, boasting of his ploughs of land,
My father's found for me, Willie,
But there's my heart, and there's my hand,
I'll marry none but thee, Willie.

To Mr. JOHN FRASER, Tordarroch,

ON PRESENTING THE AUTHOR WITH AN OAK STICK.

Success to you, Fraser, you gave my request,
This Sprig of Shilella, so brave, in my fist;
No couper at market, nor churl of degree,
Shall treat with disdain my Shilella or me.

I'll dress it with silver, I'll trim it with gold,
And this *friend* of my bosom shall never be *sold*;

ON PRESENTING THE AUTHOR WITH AN OAK STICK

My sturdy strong oak, while to grasp I am able,
Shall be staunch as the "bundle of sticks" in the fable.

I'll travel the high road, I'll travel the low,
With my sprig in my fist, I will dare every foe;
Then foot-pad may envy, and thief look a-squint,
And sigh for my purse---when I *get* money in't.

The black-cock, the plover, the roe-buck, and hare,
At night-fall, or dawning, I warn to beware,
In my stout oak there's mettle to mar or defend,
In peace my reliance, in danger my friend.

Success to you, Fraser, as long as you live,
May your roof-tree long flourish; your mailin e'er thrive;
May fortune still prosper, your kind dame be blest;
With a dozen brave Sons, each an oak in his fist.

The oak is Britannia's acknowledg'd true friend,
That breaks in the rude blast, but never can bend;
And whilst of her high renown, Fame's loud trump sings,
My oak is my country's, my heart is my King's.

VERSES

ADDRESSED TO PRINCE LEOPOLD,

ON HIS VISIT TO THE HIGHLANDS.

Fam'd land of hills, of vales, of worth,
My lov'd, my honour'd native North,
Where Independence blooms the while,
A plant peculiar to the soil;—
I boast, and well I may, of thee,
Thy Sons, and mountain-liberty;
Ye thrill the feeling heart to song,
Ye wake the numbers of the tongue;
Woe to my harp, my lay beshrew,
If happier clime I ever knew.

CHIEFTAIN'S FETE.

HAIL! Royal Prince, to Scotia's glens,
And welcome to her flow'ry fens,
To Chieftain's tow'rs, baronial halls,
And Scotland's wilds and water-falls—
From Chief to vassal, child to man,
Thou'rt welcom'd by each Highland Clan.

When CHARLES, of Royal line, of yore,
Assum'd the Highland huge claymore,
The bonnet blue and plaid put on,
Like mountain-son of Caledon,

The brave Clans gloried to impart
The warmth of every Highland heart.

Nor less, to Royalty steady, true,
They prove, good Prince! their love to you,
Whose souls of kindness, arms of might,
Are ready to uphold the right—
To stand or fall by Britain's Throne,
Which should have had "Kings of thine own."

Oh, lovely Charlotte! couldst thou see
Each Highland eye in tears for thee,
Thy sainted spirit would come forth,
And hover o'er thy honour'd North,
And say, as thy pure shade decends,
"Live! home of heroes, land of friends."

Then, Royal Prince! farewell a-while,
And welcome back to Scotland's isle—
Back to her mountains and her vales,
Her headlands, torrents, floods and gales,
Whose clime, tho' bleak, and hills, tho' bare,
Ah! truth and virtue centre there!

ON THE LAMENTED DEATH
OF
Sir ÆNEAS MACKINTOSH
OF MACKINTOSH, BART.

Noble he was, contemning all things mean,
His truth unquestion'd, and his soul serene,
Shame knew him not, he dreaded no disgrace,
Truth, temper, love, were written in his face;
To bliss domestic he his heart resign'd,
And with the firmest, had the fondest mind;—
If pride was his, 'twas not the vulgar pride,
Who, others' merits slander or deride;
But if that spirit in his soul had place,
It was the jealous pride that shuns disgrace:
A pride in honest fame by virtue gain'd,
In a whole life to honest virtue train'd;
Pride in the power that guards his country's coast,
And all that Britons most enjoy and boast;
Pride in a life that slander's tongue defied,
In fact, a noble passion mis-nam'd pride.

CRABBE.

EACH vale melodious seem'd a fount of joy,
As nature smil'd upon the bowers of MOY;—
The low winds now are hush'd, the lake is sad,
Dull is the board that lately round was glad;
The birds are mute that lately sung with glee,
Perch'd on each spray, and dark'ning every tree.

ON THE DEATH OF SIR Æ. MACKINTOSH OF MACKINTOSH, BART.

Cold now the arm that never mortal harm'd,
Whose heart, a kinder, friendship never warm'd,
Whose generous soul his country taught to feel
That virtue best supports the public weal.

Dark are the mountains that surround the dome,
Yet bright the scenes which call ÆNEAS home—
Where, in immortal mansions he shall shine,
A heritage of bliss, a home divine.

On scenes like our's, they who reliance place,
Must strangers be to happiness and peace;
For know, thou richest, and thou noblest born,
Death comes uncall'd-for, and he comes with scorn:—
'King, Prince, or Peasant, ne'er may dare to mourn!
With me thou comest, never to return:
A Messenger I am whom all obey;
Then, to my gloomy mansions haste away!"
Thus, at the awful call, each fond wish flies,
And man the mortal droops his head and dies.

When art thou serv'd, O dark and gloomy grave,
That still receives the generous, just, and brave?

ON THE DEATH OF SIR Æ. MACKINTOSH OF MACKINTOSH, BART.

While time remains, thy arrows shall not rest,
But ever rankle in the human breast—
A Chieftain's now within thy bosom laid,
For whom a thousand grief-wrung tears are shed;
A Clan discons'late mourn their fallen Chief,
And all who knew him, drop the tear of grief.

Ye varying crowds, who view the sculptur'd tomb
That warns the thoughtless of no distant doom,
Whether devotion's holy zeal has led
Your footsteps to the mansions of the dead;
Or, driven by vacant indolence, ye gaze
Upon the tomb that speaks ÆNEAS' praise;
Or, urg'd by sad despondency, ye fly
To seek the emblems of mortality;—
If virtue's hallow'd charm your thoughts inspire,
Let his example feed the sacred fire;
If disappointment leads you there to find
A scene congenial to the tortur'd mind,
From him be taught serenely to pursue
Your steady course—and die lamented too;
To free th' unconquer'd mind, whose gen'rous pow'r
Triumphs o'er nature in the saddest hour;

Exhaust the mighty heart in one last sigh—
And rally life's whole energy to die;—
And give to God thy last faint faultering breath
In pangs sublime, magnificent in death!

THE FAREWELL.

Go, bid the timid lover cease!
And I'll resign my charter
If he for ten kind How-D'YE-DO'S
One sweet GOOD-BYE would barter.
'Tis well the world our merit knows,
Since Time, there's no denying—
One half in HOW-D'YE-DOING goes,
The other in GOOD-BYEING.

GOOD BYE AND HOW-D'YE-DO.

ADIEU! adieu! thou dear domain,
My native glens, adieu!
O'er roaring seas, to realms remote,
Fate bids me roam from you.

But in whatever region plac'd,
While vital breath I share,
Still in my mem'ry, undefac'd,
Shall live thine image fair.

THE FAREWELL.

Back on the wings of Fancy borne,
Thy bow'rs I'll oft survey,
And hear, at morning's rosy hour,
The linnet's blithesome lay:

I'll think upon my cottage low,
I'll see its smoke-wreaths rise,
And view the silent lake's clear glow
Reflect a thousand dies.

Adieu! adieu! thou dear domain,
My native glens, adieu!
O'er roaring seas, to realms remote,
Fate bids me roam from you.

But in whatever region plac'd,
Till Death's long sleep I share,
Still in my mem'ry, undefac'd,
Shall live those scenes so fair.

SONG.

THE GRANTOWN WEDDING.

In August, when trees bent wi' treasure,
An' meadows an' hillocks were green,
When ilka e'e sparkled wi' pleasure
That Jock was to wed the fair Jean...

Frae roun', bodies toddled in dizens,
Baith auld an' young, married an' free,
To saften their cares an' their wizzens,
An' pay in their plack at the spree.

The big barn, though bench'd to the riggin',
Yet lasses were press'd unco sair,
An' mony ane crept frae the biggin'
As warm as the woo' o' a hare.

At length the pipes got wi' a yell up,
Inspir'd wi' a spark o' the dram,
Whan dancers set aff at the gallap,
An' barrels soon lighter becam.

To halt now was clean out o' question,
They till't wi' mair birr than before,
To fiddles, while pipes got a restin',
An' thus they continu'd the roar.

SONG.

Chields cuist their bit plaidies an' jumpit,
The lasses their napkins an' shoon,
The wee things on barrel-heads thumpit,
An' O the swats ran glibber doon.

Rab Ranter propos'd that a sang should
Gae roond wi' the bicker an' glass,
His plan was approv'd o'; an' bang gaed
A sang an' a toast to ilk lass.

Tam Rustycraig clear'd up his wizzen,
An' better that night there was none;
An', for fear that his thrapple should gissen,
He up wi' *The Miller o' Dron.*

Peg Dimple, on wham Tam sair doatit,
Began wi' *The Banks o' the Dee*;
But poor bashfu' thing, she'd forgot it,
An', O! sair affrontit was she.

Her wee bit breast, ah! how it duntit,
Her bonny bit heart maist cam through,
When Tam, wae to see her affrontit,
Roar'd, *Jock cam our Jenny to woo.*

SONG.

A Piper, wha had his bags riven,
Now rose in the midst o' the sang;
When creepies an' bickers were driven,
An' there were sair croons where they rang.

This wasna the warst o' the evil,—
Frae kickin' the bickers about,
They turn'd twenty times mair uncivil,
Till ilka ane there got a clout.

The cudgels rang roond wi' loud whistle,
Sair banes paid their dear drunken groats,
Whilst mony, wha fled frae the tussle,
Had spencers made o' their braw coats.

The bonny bride maistly was faintin',
The bridegroom was beddit an' fou,
Some were drinkin', an' ither s repentin',
An' some gade to sleep wi' the sow.

Then constables ended the caper
O' breakin' o' banes an' the law,
An' syne neither hushie nor whishie
Was heard in a mament or twa.

THE WISH.

GIVE me to wander in the lonely shade,
Far from the City's treach'rous, bustling crew;
Let slumbering echo whisper to my tread,
Where tangling woodbine climbs the nodding yew;—

Where flow'rs of sweetest breath, of blended hues,
Are strew'd promiscuously alongst the sward,
Or where the blue-bell'd foot-path leads the Muse
Down the slow steep, to other steps debarr'd.

There let me lean upon the turf so green,
With wondering eyes survey each glittering star;
And view Night's beauteous silver-footed Queen
Majestic riding in her ivory car.

LIFE.

In the morning of life like the bird we are free,
Infant fancy fond fluttering along;
The eye beams with gladness, the heart bounds with glee,
And innocence breaths in our song.

Then full noon approaches, high shines the fair sun,—
A moment we bask in the ray;
Then night's awful shadows form round us, and soon
Comes the awful sad close of life's day.

On the deep bosom of the tide
Yon little billow heaves its breast,
Is seen to sparkle, foam, and glide,
And then for ever sink to rest.

Thus man, the sport of every care,
Rises in Time's eventful sea,
And breathing but a moment there—
Ah! drops into eternity.

SONG.

NAE mair will I wander sae weary
Alane on the banks o' the burn,
Since love in the breast o' my deary
Wi' summer I ken to return.
When August her flow'ry lap closes,
A vow she has made to be mine;
Now calmly this bosom reposes—
O! Hope, thou art surely divine.

To me now the breezes are sweeter
That blaw owre the blue heather bloom;
To me now the gowans seem whiter,
An' deeper the dye o' the broom.—
Ye shepherds wha sadden'd wi' sorrow,
Come round an' partake o' my glee—
I sing o' the praise o' my Flora,
For smilin' sae sweet upon me.

SONG.

BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

Ye British heroes listen to a song of martial fame,
Brave Wellington has won another laurel to his name,
His victor-arm, with Blucher's join'd, as fire to flint is true,
Has kindled Europe's loud applause on Plains of Waterloo.

By ten at morn the British line began the awful fight,
When rag'd the dread commotion till the dark dead-hour of night;
The cannon's thundering throats pour'd forth their sulph'rous flames so blue,
And many a corse lay stretch'd that night on Plains of Waterloo.

Old Scotland there with meikle glee her native might display'd,
Her Forty-Second, man to man—her brave Greys, blade to blade,

Her bayonets bath'd in foemen's blood, her
broad-swords vengeful slew,
And CAMERON'S MEN in Highland style dar'd
death at Waterloo.

Fetlock-deep in blood the horse pranc'd over
heaps of slain,
Whilst wounded warriors leant in death and
snatch'd their swords again,
The bagpipe's merry chanter cheer'd, the clang-
ing bugles blew,
And loud hurrahs and roaring guns rent earth at
Waterloo.

Resistless as the ocean-wave, and like a wall of
brass,
Down bore the British lines in spite of helmet
or cuirass,
And as the fight rag'd loud and long, more fierce
the conflict grew,
And none shall e'er forget that day on Plains of
Waterloo.

Three days the battle fearfully with various for-
tune hung,

With eager grasp the falling foe to hope's last shelter clung,
When Victory descended, smiling on our cause so true,
And never shall the star decline that beams on Waterloo.

Away on terror's sweeping wing now flies the Fiend of Pride,
Afraid the coming of the foe, victorious, to abide;
His eagles scatter'd lay along, his ranks in panic flew,
Whilst wounded thousands wail'd the day on Plains of Waterloo.

LINES

WRITTEN ON THE BLANK LEAF OF A BIBLE.

'Tis THIS—my FRIEND—that streaks our morning bright;
'Tis this, that gilds the horrors of the night:
When wealth forsakes us, and when friends are few,
When friends are faithless, and when foes pursue,

'Tis THIS that wards the blow, or stills the smart;
Disarms affliction, and repels its dart;—
'Tis this that bids the breast's pure prospects rise,
And smiling conscience spread her cloudless skies.

ELEGY.

What visions rise to charm—to melt,—
The lost, the lov'd, the dead, are near!
Soft be the strain, too deeply felt—
It is a solace too severe.

She looks, she lives, this tranced hour,
Her bright eyes seem a purer gem
Than sparkles on the throne of power,
Or glory's wealthy diadem.

CAMPBELL.

COME forth, my Muse! array'd in doleful crape,
Be still, ye winds! that sweep the flowery plain,
Ye hollow tombs! that yawning greedy gape—
My numbers hear, and murmur to my strain.

Ah! now deep hidden in your lonesome realms,
Clay-cold and pale the pride of Scotia lies!
Fair India, with her gems and fragrant balms,
Could never boast so great, so rich a prize.

ELEGY.

O Mary! yet methinks I see thee nigh;
Yet, yet, I view thee tread our peaceful vale;
Methinks I see thy wanton ringlets fly
Like streams of gold upon the evening gale.

Thy beauty mock'd the silvery morning stream,
With all the landscape etch'd upon its breast,
Thy look of modesty the sun's last beam,
When softly sinking in the golden west.

Thy heart was tender, as thy form was fair—
Thy mind was noble as thy judgment bright;
Embalm'd by Scotia is thy memory dear,
Whose feeling tears bedew her sword of might.

Oh! Death, dire dæmon, didst thou drop a tear,
When Mary fell beneath thy arrow keen?
Could all her worth not move thy heart severe,
Nor beauty's smile avert thy tyrant spleen?

No!—yet the morn shall crimson in the east,
And beams of gladness light the azure wave—
When Heaven's last trump shall sound the thrilling blast,
And wake her canonized from the grave.

SONG.

TO THE

MASTER AND BRETHREN

OF THE

CRAIG-ELACHIE LODGE

OF FREEMASONS,

ON THEIR GENEROUSLY SUBSCRIBING FOR THE AUTHOR'S POEMS AND SONGS.

TUNE—"Whistle owre the lave o't."

UPON a sunny morning gay
Owre Highland hills I took my way,
Then yont the haughs o' rare Strathspey
I whistled owre the lave o't.

To Grantown's bonny toon I came,
The haunt o' peace, the stranger's hame,
Where Clansfolk a', o' ilka name,
Bade welcome an' the lave o't.

SONG.

CRAIG-ELACHIE's free Lodge did prove
No *mystery* is in their love,
Where truth and Highland warmth are wove,
Affection an' the lave o't.

True Patrons o' my native Sang,
To sign my list they werena lang,
For, doon went dozens in a bang,
O' brethren an' the lave o't.

There's Porteous I shall ne'er forget,
To him my Muse is droon'd in debt,
But there's a blithe day comin' yet
We'll whistle owre the lave o't.

May a' the GRANTS forever be
As gen'rous, an' as frank an' free
As they prov'd, ane an' a' to me,
True-hearted an' the lave o't.

The MACKINTOSHES all, we find
In friendship, warm; to Clansmen, kind;
In war, one host; in truth, one mind;
The world can tell the lave o't.

Then, fare-ye-weel, my brethren true,
O'er Highland hills I gang frae you,
An' when me meet again, I trew
We'll whistle owre the lave o't.

SONG.

TUNE—"The yellow hair'd Laddie."

BE Annie, dear Annie, the theme of my lay;
Ye envious maidens, a moment withdraw;
She is sweet as dews on the mantle of May,
And mild as the breeze from the bloom of the haw.

Aye green, gliding Ness, be thy banks and thy bow'rs,
Bless'd haunts of my Annie, thy boast and thy pride,—
May winter's red torrents, and fierce-falling showers
Ne'er tarnish the flow of thy crystalline tide.

Last night, as we stray'd on the banks of the stream,
I press'd her to marry, my heart full of glee;
So kind was her promise, that Luna's last beam
Took farewell of few half so happy as me.

Through life, to make smooth and delightsome her way,
No other amusement my mind shall employ;
Come care e'er so canker'd, come joy e'er so gay—
My care's in her comfort, my bliss is her joy.

SONG.

TUNE.—"One bottle more."

STRIKE the bell, my brave boys, keep the bowl smoking still,
Like the ocean in mist, when the moon's on the hill;—
'Tis wisdom, while here, sage Philosophers say,
To grasp each delight, laugh and sing while we may.

SONG.

All know life's a hotch-potch of sorrow and fun,
Some hours linger long, whilst some speedily run;
But the clear sounding crystal sends all the same way—
So we'll laugh while we can, and we'll sing while we may.

This world is a tavern where jolly souls meet,
Our landlord grim Death, a notorious cheat;
Whilst our life's like the glimpse of a cold winter's day,
Some just stopping breakfast then posting away.

To dinner some tarry, and these are well fed,
Whilst the older take supper and then go to bed;
But hard is his fate who must toil out the day—
He who goes to bed soonest has least scores to pay.

SONG.

TUNE—"Come under my Plaidie."

LAST night the sweet lassie I lo'e weel, I saw,
(The moon on the hill-tap mair white than the snaw)

SONG.

I saftly caress'd her, an' mony times press'd her
To take her kind Donald for gude an' for a'.
O Ketty! my lassie, you're noo grown sae saucy,
I fear ye'll ne'er marry poor Donald M'Ra;
He gi'es ye braw napkins, gowd rings, an' fine buskins,
An' ca's ye the bonniest lass he e'er saw.

O! hald your tongue, Donald, I'm far frae owre braw;
My tocher's sax gimmers, an' ewes I hae twa,
I'm heiress o' plenty, a ben-house an' pantry,
An' isna that rowth for kind Donald M'Ra?
But, Donald, I'm sorry I darena lang tarry,
My daddy will scold me, my minny misca';
When the new moon comes glintin' along the grey mountain,
I'll gi'e my hail tocher to Donald M'Ra.

Gi'e me your hand, Ketty, the winsome an' pretty,
To-morrow I'll wed thee an' mak thee sae braw
I'll gi'e thee fine plaidin, a kirtle to wed in,
A bonny blue ribbon, an' bride-cake an' a'.

In a bed o' the heather we'll creep snug thegither,
There's your plaid an' mine they will cover us twa,
Wi' the woo' o' ilk gimmer you'll spin claes in summer,
An' kind love will keep the cauld winter awa.

SONG.

Sweet carols the lark from his throne in the sky,
Fair blooms the rich mantle of May,
But, ah! what can gladden the ear or the eye,
When the bosom no more can be gay?

Beneath the wan moon, I see oft in my dreams
The sweet form I lov'd, pale and cold;
For the joy of our grief is the fondest of themes
When we sigh o'er affections of old.

LINES

ON

LOCH MOY.

O! wake the wild harp of renown,
O! wake the wild harp of renown,
To the generous and brave
Who have sprung forth to save
The laurel of Albyn's fair tree,
That had withered and died
In its bloom, in its pride,
And never ranked more with the free.

And the Minstrel shall pluck the fair flowers,
And the Minstrel shall pluck the fair flowers,
To wreathe his wild lyre,
On the frontlet of fire,
While the warrior's heart glows to the strain;
The tale or the song
Flowing free from his tongue,
Till the foes of his fathers are vanquished again.

CHIEFTAIN'S FETE.

It is the Muse which consecrates
The native banner of the brave,
Unfurling at the trumpet's breath,
Rose, Thistle, Harp—'tis she elates
To sweep the field, or ride the wave,
A sun-burst in the storm of death.

CAMPBELL.

FAIRY Lake! whilst thy wood-skirted margin
I trace,
Joy melts into melody, care into peace;

When the light-fanning summer-breeze plays on
thy breast,
I think of the dream that our slumber has blest
And the waves, in the storm, on thy bosom that
roll,
Seem the sorrows of life that sweep over the soul;
As o'er thee I gaze, and as round thee I bend,
A lesson I learn, and a moral to mend.

In the stillness of morn oft I wander alone,
And I think of the deeds and the days that are
gone;
My strained eye in rapture explores thy green
Isle,
And my fancy, once more, as of old, sees it smile,
And I think that a thousand brave Clansmen I
spy,—
Their pillow the brown heath, their curtain the
sky;
Who wait till the sun shall have crimsoned the
day,
When the Clan-pipe shall summon each warrior
away;

And I hear the loud mirth of the warders yet wake
In the dead of the night the still sleep of the Lake,
Whilst all the wood-echoes redouble the roar,
Which oft thou prolong'dst, O! green-mantled
GLENMORE.
From their covert the bounding deer start to the
hill;
But the chace is forgot when the stalker is still;
He sleeps,—to awake at the rise of the sun,
When the foe is expected, and deeds must be
done,
For the foemen's broad banners now wave on
the heath;
The Wolf* seeks his prey in the ramparts of
death:
His vassals speed onward elate in their joy,
And the brand of red war must be lighted in
MOY;—
But the valiant CLAN-CHATTAN are brave to defy,
There is might in each arm, and true fire in each eye.

* Cumming, Earl of Badenoch, was denominated The Wolf of Badenoch. The great and powerful Clan of the Cummings were almost cut off by private quarrels, and their opposition to King Robert Bruce. Their war with the Mackintoshes was long and of the most inveterate kind. A desperate battle was fought between the two Clans, at the *Leac an Maigh*, where the Cummings were defeated with great slaughter.

ON LOCH MOY.

From the Isle of the Lake the war-fire beams afar,
'Tis the Chieftain who wakes all his Clansmen to war;
A thousand claymores from their scabbards are swung,
A thousand brave hearts for the combat beat strong,—
But many who pant for the brunt of the fray,
Though they rose with the morn, they shall die with the day;
And the hero who dares, and the deed he has done,
Shall beam in their glory as bright as the sun,
And he on the bed of proud honour who lies,
His deeds never wither, his fame never dies;
His green grave shall claim the lone stranger's regard,
And its flowers shall be dewed with the tears of the Bard.

On the castle's high towers the red banner waves,
That welcomes the foe to defeat and their graves;

ON LOCH MOY.

The deep moat is brimful, the portcullis falls,
The cross-bow-men take their firm post on the walls;
The Castle-doors crash as their steel bolts are barred,
And the huge master-key of the warder is heard,
—While the Chieftainess on the high tower takes her stand,
Her blessing a host, and her presence command;
Like the Angel of battle to victory she wiles,
And there's more than command in the light of her smiles;
For, woman, inspired by the counsels of Jove,
Can vanquish in war, as she conquers in love.

The piper's loud numbers the echoes awake,
And the strains sound afar in the Isle of the Lake,
Whose soul-rousing music is timed to his tread,
Who foots it as though he'd awaken the dead,
And the pibroch's loud note, as his joy, is sublime,
Though his skill be as rude as the breath of his clime.

ON LOCH MOY.

Sweetest Isle! oft I drop in thy sad Lake a tear,
To see thee the livery of sadness now wear,—
Thy halls now forsaken, where festive joy rang;
The loop-holes now broken, where oft the bow clang;
Thy turrets decayed, and thy walls hoary grey,
And thy greatness, though not thy renown, fade away!
Though sieges they braved, and though shocks they sustained,
Yet the conqueror Time has the victory now gained.

"In the silence of twilight's contemplative hour,"
The Lord of these mansions has viewed each fair bower,
And his fancy on deeds of his kinsmen has fed,
As he learnt how they conquered, and knew how they bled;
For ÆNEAS, to mild meditation inclined,
With the fondest of fancies, own'd brightest of minds.
May his praise in the records of fame live as long
As the deeds of his fathers shall flourish in song.

TARTAN.

Worthy the deed to shield from Fate's foul blast
The plaided peasant glorying in his Clan;
Here the warm patriot finds account at last
In peopled vales of woman, child and man,
Of noblest blood, blood which in Fingal ran,
Of purest flame, the flame which Ossian fir'd,
Whose fine forms live on Nature's lib'ral plan,
Graceful and gay, of all the world admir'd,
Or deck'd in tartan's fold, or in gray garb attir'd.

ANONYMOUS.

In days of old, my grannam tells,
The tartan grac'd the beaus and belles,
And when my grannam went to church,
A tartan gown she wore, and curtch,
And though 'twas ne'er her thought to shine,
She look'd, to say the least, quite fine;
Prince Charlie's tartan was her choice,
Which she would wear...at any price,
For Charlie was her heart's delight,
The Lad that battled for the right,

And for his sake, with meikle pride,
She wore his tartan till she died.
...In those blest days each honest man
Display'd the tartan of his Clan;
And may each hero still appear
In th' emblem of his country dear.
O! shew me but the brawny lad,
With ribbon'd lug, and tartan-clad,
Fine garb! which marks each Highland Clan,
Exalts the hero, moulds the man,
For pamper'd Pride, array'd in gold,
N'er shone like youth in tartan's fold.
...A wealthy Laird of high degree
His tartan's wore with Highland glee,
And O! in tartan plaid look'd vain,
That screen'd him from the wind and rain;
Whose stately form and martial air
Shew'd all of chivalry was there;
Whose arm of might was huge and long,
With fist to fell the ox...so strong;
With eye of fire and lip of scorn,
He look'd, in short, the Lord of Lorn.
...In days e'er varying fashions came
Both Chief and vassal wore the same,

And, drest in tartan as they ought,
In peace they shone, in war they fought.
...A ploughman earn'd his penny-fee,
When soon, in tartan, trimm'd was he,
In Highland plaid, and kilt and hose,
With sturdy oak, then off he goes.
...A maiden's dowry was a suit
Of tartans, and ten merks to boot;
In tartan drest maids always married,
For maidens' wishes always carried.
True lovers, when they went to woo,
Were drest in home-spun tartan too,
For well knew every Gillieglas,
To slight the tartan; lose the lass.
And there was love in maiden's eyes,
And there were charms without disguise,
When tartan kirtle, gown, or plaid,
Each Caledonian nymph display'd;
Her shield when rains pour'd rude and vast,
Her shelter in the mountain-blast.
...No foe our happy isle shall harm
While Scotland in her plaid is warm;
Her trusty arm, her native might,
Her daring heart, and claymore bright,

Strong to resist, and brave to dare,
O! what can with her zeal compare!
Long may her Heroes, Lairds and Ladies,
Be clad in bonny tartan pladies.

Gaelic Poems.

ORAIN AGUS DAIN,

ANN AN

Gaeltc agus am Beurla,

NACH ROBH RIAMH ROIMH DEALBH-BHUAILTE.

LE

ALASTAIR MAC-AOIDH.

Suidh thusa, bhaird, air a chruaich,
Is cluinneam r'a luaidh do dhan,
Do dhan mar aiteal an erraich
Dol thairis air sealgair sa' chruaich,
'N am dusgadh o aisling sa' bhealach
'N uair chluinneas e soibhneas nam fuath,
An ceol fuar air thaobh nam beann.

OSSIAN.

INBHIRNIS:
DEALBH-BHUAILTE LE SEUMAS FRIZEAR.

MDCCCXXI.

ORAIN GHAE'LACH.

ORAN

DO

MHOR'AIR HUNNDAIN,

AGUS DO'N CHATH-BHUITHINN RIOGHAIL GHAE'LACH.

AIR FONN,—" Tha cheapach na fasach."

CUIREAR rainn leinn an ordugh,
Do Mhor'air Seoras nam buadh,
Oighre āluinn Dhiūchd Gordan,
Ceannard mōr an Taobh tuath;
'S cha 'n 'eil baile no Sgire,
No ait' 's am bi mi căr uair,
Anns nach bi iad ag innse,
Gur d'thu Righ nan daoin' uaisle.

'S lionmhor Ceatharnach feumnach,
Chuir thu'n eididh math ūr,

ORAN DO MHORAIR HUNNDAIN.

Ann an cotachaibh scarlaid,
A's *Post* amhain o na Chrūn;
'S 'n uair a thigeadh na Frangaich,
Le 'n cuid campachan dlūth,
Cha chailleadh h-aon dhiu' an cōir riu,
Is Mor'air Gordan ri 'n cūl.

Bha na miltean ro bhrōnach,
'S a' ruidh nan deoraibh o 'n sūil,
'N uair a bha thu 's an Olaint,
Air do leon ann gu ciūirt;
Ach ni sinn uile nis aoibhneas,
Gu bheil t' oighreachd 'n ar duthaich,
'S ge b' ōil le Frangaich gur beo thu,
Gu n-ar comhnadh 's gach cuis.

Cha chluinn sinn ainm air duin' uasal,
'N deas na tuath tha co grinn,
O'n uair 's bha thu do chiochran,
Bha ort a sgial ud ri inns';
Bu d' thu caraid nam feumnach,
'S d' thu gheibheadh eisdeachd o'n Righ;
'S fear do mhais' a's do mhōrachd,
Cha 'n 'eil e beo ann ar linn.

ORAN DO MHORAIR HUNNDAIN.

'S ann leat dh'eireadh na Gaidheal,
Th' eadar 'n Aird 's Duthaich 'ic Aoidh,
Eadar Cata 's Brāidh-bharr, 's bithidh—
Lochabar 's Baideineach cinnt,
Theid iad gu tric nam *Battalion*,
Nunn do'n Spaint a's do 'n Fhraing;
'S co bu treun na na Gaidheal,
Gu Bonapart chuir a suim.

'Se do Reisimeid chliūiteach,
A deanadh tūirn anns a bhlār,
Ged bhiodh na naimhdean co lionmhor,
S gu 'm biodh a sea dhiu' ri dha,
Bhiodh ac' cruaidh air am faobhar,
A's fuil 'g a taomadh gu lar,
Iad glacadh brataichean sioda,
'S a cuir na miltean dhiu' mhāin.

Air thus am blar *Fontenoi*,
A chaidh na seoid a bha garg,
Le'n cuid breachdan am feileadh,
A's an eididh māth dearg;
'S 'n uair rinn na Sasuinnich gēileadh,
Chaidh clann nan Gaidheal le fearg,

A's thug iad sgrios air na naimhdean,
Ma's do thionnd' iad an ārm.

'S lionmhor cāth agus batail,
Anns an deach' iad a rithist;
Eadar *Waterloo* 's *Fontenoi*,
Bu mhōr an comhnadh do 'n Righ;
'S'n uair a thionnd' Bonapart riu,
Brod na bha aige fēin,
A h-aon cha deach' o na Gaidheal,
A dh'innse dhasan an sgeul.

Ach bidh mi nise co'dhunadh,
A Mhor'air chliūitich tha suairc,
O nach 'eil agam eolas,
A ni do mhorachdsa luaidh;
Ach 's ann a ghuidheam dhuit grās,
O'n Righ is airde nan sluagh;
'S do chliū biodh mor feadh gach cearnaidh,
A cheannard Ghaidheal nam buadh.

ORAN

DO

THIGHEARNA GHLINNE GARAIDH,

AIR SON CO URRAMACH 'S A NOCHD SE E FEIN AIR TAOBH NAN GAIDHEAL, ANN AM BAILE INBHIRNIS, ANN AM MIOS DEIREANNACH AN EARRAICH 1820.

Cuir a nios botail air bord dhuinn,
'S gu'n lionn sinn gu h-ordail a chuach,
'S gu'n ōl sinn deoch slaint' Mhic-ic Alastair,
Oighre Ghlinn Garaidh nam buadh;
O'n 's esan Ceann-suidh nan Gaidheal,
Is grinn air *Parad* 's an taobh tuath,
Bi'dh gach aon dhiu' gu fearail mar b'abhaist,
Le fraoch na *Chochdad* 'g a chuir suas.

C'ait' 'm faic sinn am Breatan nan Eirinn,
Fo bhreachdan nam feileadh do dhealbh?
Lamh ghasd thu le cloidheamh da f'haobhair,
Is gile na'n fhaolag do chalp,
'S comandair 's an ārm aig Righ Seors' thu,
S' deas labhrach aig mōd thu gu dearbh,

ORAN.

'S ged chail thu do phuinc aig an ām so,
' S ro chinnte gur ann leis a chealg.

'Nuair a thug thu'n so duine bha treubhach,
MacLachlainn gun bhreug is e ainm;
A thainig gu stiūradh ar ceuman,
Mar choinneal bheir leirs'neachd 's an dorch;
Ann Laidinn an Gaelic 's an Greig,
Am Fraing a's am Beurla tha dearbht';
Ach 's e chainnt a bh'aig moran 'g a leughadh,
" Gu'h-aithghearr uainn feumaidh tu falbh."

Ach do shlainte nis dheagh Mhic-Lachlainn,
'S cuir naigheachd bhios taitneach a nall,
Ged chaidh thu uainn rithist air t' eolas,
Do bhaile mōr comhnuidh nan Gāll;
Ach ma chi sinn' a ni tha 'n ar dochas,
Bi'dh againn dhuit cōir nach bi gann,
A's thig thu do'n bhaile so chomhnuidh,
Chum foghlum a's seolaidh ar clann.

Ach bi'dh mi 'ga t' fhagail 's an ām so,
A's theid mi do'n ghleann ud a ris,
An t' ait' anns a faigh sinn Clann Domhnuill,
Bheir botail a's ceol dhuinn a pio's;

ORAN.

An t' ait' 's am bheil Oighre glan Chnoideart,
'S leis Granntaich, a's Toisich na tīr,
Leis an eireadh brod Rossaich a's Rōsaich,
Mac-Lachlainn, Mac-Leoid, a's Mac-Aoidh.

Ach faighear dhuinn peann agus paipeir,
'S gu 'n sgriobh sinn do'n āl thig n'ar dēigh,
An t' urram a fhuair thu 's gach aite,
O'n isle cō ārd ris an Bigh;
Bi'dh Diūchdan a's Prionnsaidh mu chlar ann;
'Siad 'g ōl do dheoch slainte le sīth,
Mhic-Alastair Ceannard nan Gaidheal,
Gheibh urram 's gach ait' anns am bi.

Cha b' ionainn 's a dh'eirich do Stafford,
Chuir Cata na fasach ro thruagh,
Cha 'n 'eil aig-sa meas air na Gaidheal,
'S cha d'fheuch e dhoibh fabhar na truas;
Ach ma chi sinn a choidhche Bonaparte,
'Se tighinn gun naire le shluagh,
Cha 'n fhaic thus an Camp ann 'g a'n aireamh,
Ach caoraich mhaol bhan agus uain.

'Nuair thig Mac-mhic-Alastair treubhach,
Le Reisimeid, Ghaidheal a nuas,

ORAN.

Gach aon dhiu' fo 'm breachdain am' feileadh,
'S an arm ac' co geur 's a ni cruaidh;
A's cuiridh mi' n f'hianais so 'n drāsda,
Oirbhse 's ro airde dhaoin uaisle,
Mar e misneach a's neart nam fior Ghaidheal,
Chuir Bona' gu brath thar a chuan.

Nis ōlaidh sinn slainte Righ Seoras,
'S na chumas a chōir ris le cliū;
O na bheag gu na Mor'airean Mōra,
Bhios dileas ri 'm beo dha na chrūn;
'S cha 'n eagal leinn namha'd a chi sinn,
Air muir no air tīr ann ar duthaich,
Co fad 's a bhios Gaidheal mar dh' fheumadh,
Ann an guaillibh a cheile gu dlūth.

GHAIDHEALACH.

ORAN

DO

CHOIRNEAL SEUMAS DOMHNULLACH,

'N UAIR A THIONNDAIDH SE DHACHAIDH O' N SPAINT.

Deoch Slainte Choirneal aluinn so,
Tha 'n Geardachan an Righ;
Full uasal Mhic-'ic-Alastair,
Chaidh aithris feadh gach tīr;
Aon bhrathair mōr Ghlinn Garaidh,
Leis 'n eireadh ārm ro ghrinn,
Ceann-cinnidh siol chlann Domhnuill,
A chumadh cōir gach linn.

Air machair no air Gae'ltachd,
Cha 'n fhaic mi fēin do dhealbh;
Saighdear tapaidh dileas thu,
'S lamh chinnteach a tha dearbht';
Is onoir thu do Dhomhnulluich;
Bhios tric mar leomhan gārg;
'S comandair deas air daoine thu,
'N ām caitheadh aodach dearg.

GHAIDHEALACH.

'N uair theid an t' ārm math Breatunnach,
Air astar nunn do'n Spāinnt,
Bi'dh Dombhaulluich a's Granntaich ann,
Comandaigheadh Parad;
'S cha 'n fhaicear Saighdear Frangach,
An camp aig Bonapart,
Nach gabh an ruaig nan trupachan,
'S bi'dh 'n cliū 'ga chuir a mhain.

'N uair bha thusa 'n *Calabria*,
Le Gaidheil dheas nan Gleann,
An sin choinich thu do namhaid,
'S aig aireamh nach robh gann;
Ach ged a bha iad lionmhor,
B'e t'iarrtuinneas 'san ām,
Do dhaoine chuir le 'm faobhairibh,
Ga'n sgaoileadh as gach ceann.

'S a rithist rinn thu treubhantas,
'S an *Eiphit* thall thar cuan,
Bha mōran sin a charaich thu,
Mar Pharaoh 'sa mhuir ruaidh;
Cha thionndadh iad am blāir riut,
'S e b'fhearr leo dhol 'san ruaig;

'S bha aoibhneas mōr air Albannaich
Ag ainmeachadh do bhūaidh.

Cia 'n t'ait' an seas do namhaid riut,
An cearnaidh deas no tuath?
'S co lionmhor 's tha do chairdean ann,
Ma thâras mise an luaidh,
Gleann Garaidh thig o Cnoideart,
Le neart bhios mōr dhe'n t-shluagh,
A's Siosalach Srath-Ghlāis, thig—
Le gaisgich a's daoin' uaisle.

Sir Aonghas Mac-an-Toisich,
Thig a' Moigh sin gun dāil,
'S a Chinneadh mor le n armailtean,
Thoir dearbhachd dhuit an cās;
Mar sin 'san Cinneadh Granntach,
Gu ruig an ceann is aird',
Co seasmhach ri Creig-eileachi,
'S cha'n athraich i gu brāth.

O'n dh'fhalbh an cogadh Spāinnteach,
'S gach namhaid air an claoidh,
Tha sīth-chainnt anns gach cearnaidh,
'S mōr ghairdeachas 'san tīr;

'S o'n chum thu Bonapart uainn,
'S gach aite 'n robh thu strī;
Deoch slainte Choirneil aluinn so,
Tha'n Geardachan an Righ.

ORAN

DO

CHOIRNEAL AONGHAS MAC-AN-TOISICH

BHAILE 'N EASBUIG, 'N UAIR A CHAIDH ORDUCHADH DH'IONNSUIDH REISIMEID NAN CAM'RONACH.

AIR FONN—"An nachd gur faoin mo chodal dhomh."

CEUD soraidh slān do 'n Choirneilear,
Cha 'n ordugh uainn do'n Spāinnt,
'Se Aonghas Mac-an-Toisich,
Tha ainm ro mhōr 's gach ait';
Is onoir tric do 'n duthaich thu,
'N uair theid thu null thar sāil;
'S cuis eagail do na Frangaich thu,
'S a dheanadh annta bhearn.

Is deas thig deise scarlaid dhuit,
'S claidheamh air sraid 'na d' lāimh,
Comanduigheadh parad ann,
Do chlann nan Gaidheal 's fearr;
Fhuair thu nis na Cam-ronuich,
Thug dearbheachd tric an cās,
'N uair chaidh iad 'n tus do'n Eiphit,
Na Frangaich ghēill gu'n dāil.

'N uair chaidh 'n t'arm do 'n Olainte,
Bha 'n Coirneal ann measg chaich,
A's *Chathamh* 'g a'n comanduigheadh,
Is māll a thainig dha,
A's ged nach d'fhuair e clū ann,
Bha t'ainms' as ūr an aird',
'G a leughadh feadh nan Rioghachdaibh,
'S 'g a innse anns gach ait'.

A'n uair a bha thu 'm *Portugal*,
Ghabh thu 'n toisich ann thar cach,
'S thug *Wellington* an aire dhuit,
Co tapaidh 's chaidh thu 'n sās,
Thug thu 'm bundaist' do na Frangaich,
'N sin thionnd' thu air do shāil,

'S rinn e gu h-aith-ghearr Coirneal dhiot,
Fa chomhair na bh'anns an ait.'

Ach ged tha thu nis do Choirneal,
Cha leoir leinn e'ga luaidh,
'S ann bu choir dhuit bhi a' d' Shleanailear,
Ro aithnicht' measg an t-shluaigh;
A's tha mi fēin a saoilsinneas,
Ma bhios do shaoghal buan,
Gur oighr' air *Abercromie* thu,
Thug onoir dhuinn le buaidh.

Is maiseach a' measg uaislean thu,
A's cuideachd shuairc do chach;
Cha bi droch geall no gruaim ort,
'N uair thig thu 'mas do 'n aits';
Bhiodh t-aghaidh fosgailt, faoilaidh,
A's t-aogais tairis, blāth,
'S bi'dh gaol a's toil gach aon duit,
'Ga thaomadh ort gach lā,

Be mr iarrtanas le durachd dhuit,
Thu thighinn an taobhsa thamh,
'S mu'n d' thig crioch Sir Aonghais,
Gu faigh thu anum air ait';

Bi'dh cridh' is suil nam Bain-tighearnan,
A' sealltuinn ort le gradh;
'S ceud beannachd o gach Saighdear dhuit,
O'n thoill thu e 's na blair.

CUMHA

DO

AONGHAS MAC-AN-TOISICH,

FEAR AN TUILM.

AIR FONN.—" 'Si so 'n Nollaig a's cianail."

SANN tha sgeula ro chraiteach,
A nis 's gach cearnaidh mu 'n cuairt,
Bhearn ur rinn am bās oirnn,
Measg aireamh dhaoine uaisle;
Fear an Tuilm a bha āluinn,
'S a sheasadh 'n aird' ann an cruas,
Deagh charaid nan Gaidheal,
An diugh 'g a charamh 's an uaigh.

GHAIDHEALACH.

'S e do bhās a rinn brōnach,
Daoine mōra na ducha-'s;
'S tha na bochdana deōrach,
'Ga do chaoineadh ni 's mō;
'S tha iad tearc ann an aireamh,
A Sheasas t' ait' dhoibh 's gach cūis,
'N uair rach'd 'n gairm le foireiginn,
Bhitheadh tu fein leo 's a chūirt.

Bu mhīn, taitneach do nadar,
'S bha annad lānachd de thruas,
Bha thu iriseal pāirteil,
'S a feuchainn fabhar gach uair;
Bu cheannard féill agus mōid thu,
'S brod fear comhnuidh na tuath;
'S e gu'n chuir iad 's an ūir thu,
A dh' fhag an duthaich-s' fo ghruaim.

'S mor a smăl air na Toisich,
Nach dean thu comhradh no gluas'd
O'n uair 's chuir iad fo 'n fhōid thu,
An cisde bhord anns an uaigh;
Ach 'se dochas do chairdean,
Ge b'ōil le namhaid an t' shluaigh,

Gu 'n deach' do chrūnadh 's an Rioghachd,
Am measg nam fireanan shuas.

O'n chrioch do shligh' 's an fhasach,
'S nach d' theid ann t' aireamh ni 's mo;
Gu 'n robh do ghliocas 's do pairtean,
Aig na d' fhag thu air chūl;
O linn gu linn a tha 'g eiridh,
Gu 'n robh iad feumail 'n ar duthaich,
A's deagh Fhear an Tuilm Thoisich,
Air ceann gach mōid agus cuirt.

ORAN

DO 'N

IOLAIRE,

A BHA MARBHADH NAN UAN ANN AN STRATH-EIRINN.

AIR FONN—"'S olc an galar an dōideadh."

BHA mi lath' air an fhireach,
'S mi sireadh Iolair' nan spogan;
Bha agam urchair an gunna,
'S mi siubhal monaidh le Eoghan;

GHAIDHEALACH.

'S bheirinn crūn as mo sporan,
A chionn gu'n faighinn rā leon i,
Thug i uan o na caoirich,
'S cha 'n fhag i h-aon againn beo dhiugh,
Nach d'thdir i leath.

'Sann gu Uilleam Mac-Fhiunlaidh,
A thug i īonnsuidh na Charnaich,
'S air a h-ais do'n Dail-riadhaich.
Leag i sgiath 'n Allt-na-Slath'nach;
'S cha 'n 'eil Ciob'ear 'n Strath-eirinn,
Nach iarradh 'bheist ud a shāradh,
'S mar fhaigh sinn greim oirr' 'sa Mhoigh,
Cuiridh sinn gu Domhnull gu'n dail i,
Do bhraigh 'n t-shrath.

Am fear a chuireas le fudar,
An luaidh dlūth stigh gu h-airnean,
' Nach leig le Iolair no clamhan,
'S an Dail-Tomaich bhi 'g ārach;
Cha leig e Uan beag no meann leath',
'Si na deann ruidh air fhasach,
Mharbh e 'n uraidh a piuthar,
Air creagan dubh Choig-na-fearna,
Le fudar teth.

GHAIDHEALACH.

"Och a's och!" 'arsa breunag,
"'S mi nam eiginn an drasda,
'S nach eil duine 'n Srath-eirinn,
Nach d' thoireadh beum dhomh nan târadh;
'S ann a theid mi na Sriana,
N t' ait' 'm bu mhiannach le 'm āl bhi,
Gu Mac-Phrice anns a Chnocan,
S bheir mi boc uaith ni 'marach,
'S cha dhean mi chleith."

"Seasaidh mi 'n Creige-Chrochdan,
Thar Pollochaig Mhic-Bheathain,
An t'ait' am bheil caoirich a's gabh'ra,
A's uain mhōr air gach leathad;
'S ann an Coimhleachan shios ud,
Gheibh mis' eunlaith an athair,
Gu bhi mu'n cuairt dhomh mar gheard orm,
'N uair bhios cach 'g a mo ghleidheadh,
A' measg nan creag."

Bhradag phrab shuileach riadhach,
Tha 's na Sriana gu leoir dhuit;
Tha ioma sealgair ro thapaidh,
Fo Chaiptein gāsd Mac-an-Toisich,
'S esan tagha' chomaindear,

6. Ach ged tha thus' air cūl nan craobhan,
Le preas droigheann air gach taobh dhiot,
'S biorach geur a ta mo shuileans',
A' coimhead dlū gach gluas'd dhiot.
A's ni mi tamh an so lé misneach,
Ach an dean mi ann mo shuipeir,
Cha 'n 'eil mi tighinn an taobhs' co tric,
'S nach fhaod thu nis cuir suas leam.

7. Ma thig thu 'n taobhsa dh'ith a *clobhair*,
Agus neapan Mhic-an-Toisich,
'So mo laimhs' gu'n d' thig an cot' dhiot,
Ged is comhradh cruaidh e.
'S gu'n d' theid do rōstadh ris an teine,
'S bidh cōcair' dortadh ōrt an ime;
'S bheir iad le forcacan a's sgianan,
Gach iomal agus chias dhiot.

8. A nis o 'n tha do chomhradh laidir,
'S mithich dhomhsa bhi 'g a t' fhagail,
'S dhol a nunn gu Iain Mac Dhaibhi,
No gū Tamhus shuas ud.
Ach an dean mi ann mo leaba,
'S gu 'm bi mi sabhailt na mo chadal,

CHAIDHEALACH.

'S ioma namhaid a ta agams',
Eadar Cragaidh agus Ruathainn.

s. Ach ma theid thu 'mach an t-aonach,
Air do lorg gheibh Mac-an-t' Shaoir thu,
'S bheir e dhuit-sa 'ni nach saoil thu,
Anns an fhraoch a thruaghain.
Gabh mo chomhairl' 's thig dha m'ionnsuidh,
'S gheibh thu fasga' 'm bun nan craobhan,
Le preas droigheann air gach taobh dhuit,
'S bi'dh tu sunndach uallach.

G. Ged tha thu nis a' labhairt cairdeas,
'S mōr an Gunna tha na d' laimh-sa,
'S tha eagal orm ged thiginn lamh riut,
Nach bi mi sabhailt uair ann.
Oidhche mhath dhuit b'dh mi siubhal,
'S theid mi 'n airde ris a bhruthaich,
'S ni mi tamh 's a choille ghiubhais,
'S bi'dh coilich dhūbh mu 'n cuairt dhomh.

CHAIRPREALACH.

LUINNEAG,

DO'N

SGADAN A FHUAIREADH AIR MONADH AN LEIDHIS.

AIR FOINN,—"Amadain ghoraich shaighdear."

A NIS nan robh agams' paipeir,
A chuirinn an drasd mu 'n cuairt dhuit,
Bheirinn thu dhachaidh mo phocaid,
'S chuirinn air bord dhaoin' uaisle thu.
A sgadain cha mhor cha mhor thu,
A sgadan cha mhor gun gluais thu,
Thug iud a muir air an traigh thu,
'S beag air do chail o'n uair sin.

Cha 'n fhaca tu sneachda na reothadh,
'Se bhi 's an doimhne bu dual duit;
Ach mi-thlachd a choidhche air a mhärsich,
Thug thusa gu dörran a's cruadal.
A sgadain, &c.

Luidh thu air monadh an Leidhis,
'S cha deanadh tu ceum 's an uaïr dhoibh,
Ach thainig sin Sanndaidh a Moigh,
'S thog e na dhorn le truas thu.
A sgadain, &c.

Ach ma ruigeas tu nochd am Feith-ghiubhais,
Gheibh thus' nn sin *crew* mu'n cuairt dhuit,
Bi'dh Sīne agus Uilleam a's Mairi,
A sealltuinn le blaths gun ghruaim ort.

A sgadain cha mhor cha mhor thu,
A sgadain cha mhor gun gluais thu,
Thug iad a muir air an traigh thu,
S' beag air do chail o'n uair sin.

ORAN

DO

CHEILE.

AIR FONN—"'S [illegible] do'n bhrigh lachdaim."

Mo ghaol na bios a brōnach,
Ged chuir mis' rainn an ordugh,
Is cuideachd dhaoine mor iad,
A's ni iad ceol do'n fhear bhios fann.

'S dhūmach mi air cainnt gun toradh,
Tha nunn 's a nall mar thonn na mara;

GHAIDHEALACH.

'S air an dream bhios ceilidh am baile,
A' faotuinn coirean nach bi ann.

An tigh Ceannard mōr nan Toiseach,
A fhuair mi fhēin ort eolas,
Bho 'n la thug a Chleir dhomh coir ort,
Bu taitneach dhomhs' thu aig gach ām'.
'S diūmach, &c.

Is tha thu mīn a's boidheach,
'S thu fhēin de 'n chinneadh Rōsach,
'S cha ghabhainns' miltean ōir ort,
Ged bhiodh mo phocaidean ro ghann.
'S diūmach, &c.

Is misle leam na ubhlan,
T-anail bhlath a's chūbhraidh,
'S a mhadainn 'n uair a dhuisginn,
'S bhiodh m' inntinn ciūirt mar biodh tu ann.
'S diūmach, &c.

Is binne leam do chomhradh,
Na ceileirean na'n smeorach,
'S a cheille 'n diūith na h-eoin innt,
Bhios seinn gu boidheach air gach crann.
'S diūmach, &c.

GHAIBHEALACH.

Is binne leam na chlarsach,
Do ghuth air lath' na Sabaid,
'S tu gabhail orain Dhaibhi,
Chaidh feadh gach braidh, bail' a's gleann
'S diūmach, &c.

'S mo ghaol ma bhios sinn dileas,
'S ar cridhe dlūth do'n fhirinn,
A choidhch cha d' theid ar diteadh,
A dh aindeoin mi-run a bhios ann.

'S diūmach mi air cainnt gun toradh,
Tha nunn 's a nall mar thonn na mara;
'S air an dream bheir sgeula thairas,
Gun bhonn ach barail a bhios meallt.'

ORAN

DO

DHOMHNULL MACLEOID,

GILLE BHA RE TAMUILL ANN AN AON TIGH RIS AN UGHDAIR.

THOIR an t'shoraidh so uamsa,
Nis suas do Loch-bhraon,
Gu Domhnull Mac-Leod, is
E ōgan mo ghaoil,
Ged dh' fhag thu 's a Mhoigh mi,
A' crōnan leam fein,
Bu taitneach leam t'fhaicinn,
A's bean ri do thaobh.

Air faillirinn, illirinn, uillirinn o,
Air faillirinn, illirinn, uillirin o,
Air faillirinn, illirinn, uillirin o,
Tho na cailleagan duilich 's fo mhulad ro mhōr.

'N uair dh' fhag thus an t' ait',
'S an deach' t' arach o thus,

GHAIDHEALACH.

Sin chaidh thu do Shasunn,
Air each a' measg *trūp*,
A' d' shaighd'ear bha dileas,
Do 'n Righ fo na Chrūn,
'S cha d' thainig thu 'nuas.
Gus an d' fhuair thu ann chiu.
Air faillirinn, &c.

Sin fhuair thu *disearsa*,
Bha laidir ni 's leoir,
Air a *sineadh* le Seanalair,
'S peanna na dhorn;
A's thug iad mar oighreachd,
Dhuit roinn mhath dhe 'n ōr,
Bhios agād gu aran,
'M feadh mhaireas tu beo.
Air faillirinn, &c.

Is lionmhor tē bhoidheach,
Theid comhnard air sraid,
'Sa sheallas fo cleochd ort,
Le moran do ghraidh,
Le cridhē stigh cūirt aic',
'S a suilean a mhain,
'S cha 'n iarradh i stōras,
Ach Domhnull air laimh.
Air faillirinn, &c.

A's bheirinns' dhuit comhairle,
A ghabhainn dhomh fhīn,
Ma's māth leat an drasda,
Bhi taladh ri mnaoi,
Dean roghainn do stuaimeachd,
Thar buaile chrodh laoigh,
A gheibheadh tu le gruagaich,
'S i gruaimeach gun aoidh.
Air faillirinn, &c.

Tha mais' ann an stuaimeachd,
'S tha 'm buaireadh na phlaigh,
Ciod e dhuinn an saoghal,
Mar faod sinn ann tāmh,
Leis an ni sin tha priseil,
Bhios saor o gach traill,
An uair tha na miltean,
Fo mhi-ghean gach la.

Air faillirinn, illirinn, uillirinn ō,
Air faillirinn, illirinn uillirinn ō,
Air faillirinn illirinn uillirinn ō,
Tha na caileagan dnilich 's fo mhulad romhōr.

GHAIDHEALACH.

ORAN

DO

DHONNCHA ROS,

AGUS D'A MHNAOI, AIR LATH AM BAINNSE.

'S ann gu moch air madainn chèo,
'S mi dol le ordagh na bhaile,
A fhuair mi sgeul air cuideachd chòir,
Air 'n robh m' eolas car tamaill.

Thogainn fonn gun bhi trom,
Thogainn fonn air a chaileag.

'Se Donncha Rōs and an Loirg-an-tūr,
Fleasgach cliùteach a's fearail,
Thug e sgriob an airde 'n Tom,
A Reir 's mar gheall e do 'n chaileag.
Thogainn fonn, &c.

'S i chaileag a tha mīn a's blath,
'S mor tha ghradh aig gach fear dh 'i;
Dh' fhag i 'n Tom a's chaidh i 'n Torr,
A Ghabhail cōir ann air fearann.
Thogainn fonn, &c.

GHAIDHEALACH.

A's nam bithinns' mo ghill' ōg,
Dh' iarrainn pōg air a chaileag;
Ach 's am a tha mi fada pōsd,
A's deagh bhan Rōsach mo leabaidh.
Thogainn fonn, &c.

Tha cuid de ghillean Choire-bhruach,
An diugh fo ghruain air son Anna,
Nis o'n d' fhalbh i na mnasi phōsd,
A' ghabhail comhnuidh 'n Srath-narrunn.
Thogainn fonn, &c.

Nam biodh gach ni 'n diugh mar bu chōir,
Gheibhinnsa pōg air do bhanais;
Ach ōlaidh mise bhur deoch slaint,
Le stuth laidir a gloinne,
Thogain fonn, &c.

Thoir mo bheannachd dhoibh mu'n cuairt,
Do'n tha shuas feadh Shrath-narrunn,
'S do Iain Friseal th'air an ceann,
A thug dhomh am planndan māth daraich,
Thogainn fonn, &c.

S' o'n tha thu 'n diugh 's do chaileagh posd,
Slaint a's stōras gu mair dhuidh,

Gach ni a cinneachadh gu mōr,
'S a cuir nan Rōsach mu'n teallaich.

Thogainn fonn gun bhi trom,
Thogainn fonn air a chaileag.

ORAN

DO 'N

MHUIC

A DH' ITH AN TEA AGUS AN SIUCAR, AGUS D' A PIUTHAR A DH'OL AGUS A MHILE UISGE-BEATHA NA BAINNSE.

AIR FOINN—"'S ole an galar an deideadh."

LATHA dhomhs' air an astar,
'S mi tighinn dhachaidh a Shrath-eirann,
Bha agam each agus bascaid,
'S chuir mi steach iad le cheile;
Shaoil leam fhīn nach robh cunnart,
Gu 'n d' thigeadh tubaist no beud riu,
Ach co thainig ach musag,
'S air an 't shiūcar sin leum i,
'Ga ith le soic.

Gu ma fad 'n deideadh an t' fhiacail,
'Ga do phianadh le doruinn,
Fhior thrusdar nam be isdan,
G' am bu dual a bhi bruideil;
'S truagh nach d' thigeadh an clamhan,
Tha againn urrad 's na craobhan,
No idir iolair' a mhonaidh,
A thoirt amach as 'd nan suilean,
A's bloidh de 'n t' shoic.

Ged bheirte 'uats' do fhradharc,
Tha agad taghadh na sroine,
Gheibheadh tu aile dhe 'n tēa,
'S gach ni eile dhe 'n t' sheors' sin;
B'fhearr leam t' fhaicinn a sābbaid,
Ris na coin anns an otrach,
Na bhi tionnda' an tasgaidh,
Bha na 'm bhascaid an ordugh,
An sin le d' shoic.

Ach 'n tiair fhuair iad 's a mheirl' thu,
'Se do chnamhan a phaidh air,

GHAIDHEALACH.

Fear an tarruing le ru ngas,
Gun bhi cunntadh riut strachdan ;
Ghabh iad cuip nan tri-duail dhuit,
'S thug iad fuaim air do mhāsan,
'S thog thu 'm baile mu 'n cuairt duit,
'N uair rinn thu 'm buaireadh le rānaich,
'N sin le do shoic.

Cha 'n e 'n cāll bha mi gearan,
'Se bu dorra' leam nāire,
Gu 'n robh mi fhīn co mi-thapaidh,
'S gu 'n leig mi cnap dhe do chairean ;
'S ged nach d' ionnsuich thu oilean,
Thug thu leasan gun dāil dhomh,
Nach earbainns' gnothaich a rithist,
Ri mac no nighean do mhathar,
Nam biodh orr' soic.

Chuala mi o mo nabuidh,
An gniomh nair' rinn do phiuthar,
Air a mhuinntir ōg ghradhach,
Sin tha thamh 'm bun na bruthaich ;
Gu 'n deach i steach chrō nan caorach,
A chuir faoilt air an tunna,

CHAIDHEALACH.

'S fhad 's a bh' aice gach fiacail,
A choidhche cha'n iarradh i *screw*
Bu mhath a soic.

Chaidh i 's a mhadainn chuir sainseil
An stuth na bainnse gun ordugh,
'S co luath 's a bhlathaich e cridh',
Ghabh i tuille 's a choir dhe;
'S 'n uair a sheall ise mhàin ann,
Ghabh i nair' as na dh' ōl i,
'S theann i rithist ri lionadh,
'S rinn i finealt gu leoir e,
An sin le soic.

'S ann ort fein tha 'n 't soic righinn,
'S gur tu dītheadh na feadail,
Air latha feill agus marcait,
Bi'dh gach neach a' toirt beum dhuit,
A choidhcha bhi mise toilicht',
Gus am fōil iad thu bhrēunag,
'S gus 'n cuir iad do chlaigeann air mias dhomh,
Le forc a's sgian a bhios gleusda,
Ghearradh do shoic.

GHAIDHEALACH.

Ach bi'dh mi nise dhiot samhach,
Ged a dh' fhag thu mi dūbhach,
'S mor am masladh air cearnaidh,
Do leithid a phlaigh ann bhi fuireach;
Scriobhaidh sinn t' ainm ann am paipeir,
An t' ait an tamh e air thurus,
'S bheir thu oirn' ioma gaire,
'N uair gheibh sinn cāil 's an tigh leanna,
An sin le d'shoic.

ORAN

DO

MHAIGHSTIR SIM MAC-AN-TOISICH

ANN AM FARR, AIR SON CAOIMHNEAS A' NOCHD E DO'N UGHDAIR AN AM EIGIN.

AIR FOIR—"Thog na Gaidheal an ceann, 's cha bhi iad a fang nis mo."

Gu ma slan duit a Shim,
'S duin' uasal thu grinn ro choir,
O'n d' fhuair mi 'n deoch a rinno feum,
'S thug gu h-ullamh dhomh fēin do choat;

GNAIDHEALACH.

Gu ma faḍ' theid t' iomradh le cliū,
Feadh gach rioghachd a's duth'ch tha mōr,
A shiol nan Toiseach bha treun,
'S nach cailleadh fiū ceum dhe 'n cōir.

Thig o gach cearnaidh a nios,
'S as na h-Innseachan-Shios gu leoir,
A shuidheas am Farr aig diot,
Le pailteas brod fion air bord;
'N sin bi'dh gach Bain-tighearn' tha thamh,
Anns an teaghlaich 'n deach t' arach ōg,
Seinn orain milis o 'm beul,
'S le 'm meoran cluich teudan ceoil.

'Tha thu nis scriobhadh a' d' *chlarc*,
Le peanna caol ban a' d' dhorn,
'S thig Frisealaich ghasta na h-Aird,
A chuir gnothaich do lamh bhios mōr,
Suidhidh tu sios anns a chuirt,
A' tagradh an cuis le cōir,
'S 'n uair chuireas tu ceartas an gniomh,
Gheibh thu suim a bhios breagh dhe 'n oir.
'S leat nā Toisich gu leir,
Tha eadar Srath-spea 's Tigh Leoid,

GHAIDHEALACH.

Bi'dh iads' dhuit ullamh mar ghleus,
Co tric 's a thig t' fheum fa 'n comh'r;
Daoine mor a tha dearbht,
'S nach tionndadh ri arm an cul;
'N uair a bhios sinn cogadh 's an Fhrainc,
'S iad a chumadh gu teann an crūn.

'N uair bhios tu 'n Duneidin a d' thamh,
Gheibh thu Bain-tighearn' air laimh le cliū,
Ri phosadh gu saor o na Chleir,
'S bi'dh oigreachd aic fein is fhiū,
Thig thu leath' dhachaidh 'n taobh-tuath,
'S Ci'dh i ri do ghualain dlū,
'N uair bhios bain-tighearnan eile fo bhrōn,
'S a' sileadh nan deoir o'n suil.

BEANNACHA BAIRD

DO

BHARD MAC-MHIC-ALASTAIR.

FAILT ort fein a Bhaird Mhic-Alastair,
'S gu ma buan bhios t'airt air an Triuir,
Rinn neamh, muir agus talamh,
'S chuir annad anail a's lūths.

FREAGAIRT AN UGHDAIR,

DO DHUINE ARAID, ADH' FHARRAID RISE AGUS E MARCACHD AN DEIGH CARBAD AN RIDIR AONGHAIS MHIC-AN-TOISICH—

"Co sin a th' anns a Charbad?"

THA Sir Aonghas Mac-an-Toisich,
Bhios gabhail comhnuidh 'n Srath-eireann,
Duin' uasal urramach, cliüiteach,
Anns gach duthaich anns an d' theid e;
Aig am bheil oighreachd a's fearann,
A's feidh gu tiugh air na sleibhtean;
Pailteas airgiod na sporan,
A's tuille 'm Baile Dhuneidin.

ORAN

DO

CHAIPTAIN AONGHAS MAC-A-PHERSON

ANNS A CHLUAN.

Do shlainte dheagh dhuin' uasal,
Chaidh arach 'n Cluan Shrath-eireann,

GHAIDHEALACH.

Tha urramach an stuaimeachd,
'S do bhuaidhean thar na ceudan,
Tha mīn, ciuin'a's cairdeas,
'S gach ait' am bi thu fēin ann;
Le sporan ōr do lamh, a's-
'G a phairteachadh ri feumnaich.
Fhuair thu oighreachd o Righ Seoras,
A's cliū tha mor do reir sin,
T' fhuil uasal bha 'ga dortadh,
A' dion ar duth'ch na h-eigin;
Mo thruaigh! thuit do bhraithrean,
Bha aluinn agus ceutach,
Thug onoir mhor do 'm parantian,
'S na dh' fhag iad an Srath-eireann.

'S mor an onoir dh'a na duthchans',
Do mhathair chliuiteach, bheusach,
'S e 'n teaghlach mhor a dh' araich i,
Chuir Bonaparti dheigh-laimh;
Bu Cheannardan air Gaidheal iad,
'S gach ait' an d' thigeadh eiginn,
Gach aon dhiu nan Comandairean,
'S gu tric an Camp 's an Eiphit.

'S tu taghadh an duin' uasail,
A's tuathanach tha gleusda,
Tha 'n Dreagaidh baile mōr agad,
Le eich gu lepir a's feadail;
'S o 'n fhuair thu nis a Gharbail,
Tha do mheanbh-chrodh air na sleibhtean;
'S gu m' lionmhor bhios an t' ogradh,
A' deobh'l a' mathar fhēin ann.

'Se dh'i arrainn nis le durachd dhuit,
Nan ionnsuichinn mar dh' fheumainn,
Gu 'm biodh an Rígh 's ro airde,
Co' pairteachadh chuid fēin riut;
Dh'a bhochdans' tha thu fabhaireach,
'S do 'n ardan cha do ghēile thu,
Cha d' thug thu rūm do chrionntaidheachd,
Mar lionmhorachd is leir dhomh.

ORAN
DO
DHOMHNULL MAC-AN-TOISICH,
A BH' ANN AN CUIG-NA-FEARNA, ACH A NIS ANNS AN DAIL-TOMAICH.

AIR FONN—"Tha Cheapach na faasach."

DHOMHNULL bhan Chuig-na-fearna,
'S tu d' fhag mi craiteach 's an ām,

GHAIDHEALACH.

'N uair a chaidh mi Shrath-n'arrunn,
A thoirt coinneamh dhuit ann,
Gus am faighinns' do naigheachd,
Agus sgeul as a ghleann,
'S am bheil do chairdean a' fuireach,
Ach rinn mi 'n turus a chall.

'S tearc do leithid ri fhaotuinn,
A' measg daoine 'n taobh-tuath;
Ceatharnach furanach, finealt,
'S cuideachd thu do dhaoin' uaisle;
'N uair bhios tu deanamh na feille,
Bi'dh do dheiligeadh suairc,
As gheibh thu eridhe gach caileag,
Le d' bheul tha tairis gun ghruaim.

'S lionmhor tè le cuid siod' oirr',
A bhitheadh sithch'aid gu leoir,
Nam faigheadh ise do ghealladh,
Air a posadh aig stol
Na faigheadh i thusa mar oighreachd,
Bhiodh a h-aoibbneas ro mhor,
'S b' fhearr leath' aice ri taobh thu,
Na miltean mora dhe'n ór.

'Nuair a theid thu air astar,
'Mach a Shasuinn le drobh,
Bi'dh gach neach bhios a' tachairt,
A gabhail tlachd 's a ghill' ōg;
Bi'dh agad topa na feadail,
Is cuideachd ghleusd' thu 's tigh-osd';
'S cha 'n 'eil duine Srath-eireann,
A bheireadh beum dhuit aig bord.

'S ceatharnach grinn air an t'shraid thu,
Le osain scarlaid ort suas;
Bi'dh cot' do' n bhreachdan is fearr ort,
A's fēileadh aluinn mu 'n cuairt;
'S deas thigeadh gunna agus claidheamh,
Dhuit 'g a tharraing an crùas;
'S comand air daoine o'n Righ dhuit,
Bhiodh do lāimh cinnteach a buaidh.

'S gur tu seulgair a mhonaidh,
'Nām bhi leagail nam fiadh,
Ge lusth a ruidheas a chosan,
Gheibheadh e sgaile 'uat air sliabh,
Bi'dh tu fēin 's do chuid gillean,
'G a'n toirt dhachaidh le rian,

GRAIDHEALACH.

S' cuiridh tu tric iad na Mhoigh,
'S an cridhe leoint' ann an cliabh,

Ach bha fear dhiu gu h-araid,
Chaidh fad thar cach ann am meud,
Tri cheud an cothrom a bha ann,
'S a gheir gu h-ard air fo bhian ;
'S tha mis' toilicht' a Dhomhnuill,
Nach robh 's a Mhoigh so riamh,
Fear a chothrom na chrōcan,
Mach a cro monadh liath.

'N uair a theid sinn do 'n linseag,
Bi'dh sin cinnteach gu leoir,
As an rūd a bhios feumail,
Air son an fheum a bhios oirnn ;
Bithidh gach ni a bhios taitneach,
'G a chuir gu pailt dhuinn air bord,
'S cha bhi caimhn' ann air gainuv,
Na feum air dram a tigh-osd.

Nam bithinn fhin na mo Bhard,
Chuirinn an airde do chliū,
Ach cha 'n urra' mise ge 'n aireamh,
Liuthad talant tha dhin ;

Ach mile beannachd do mhathar,
Gu 'n robh an dan dhuit 's gach iuil,
'S biodh a teaghlach-sa lathair,
Aig ām a cāradh 's an uir.

Ach bi'dh mi nise 'g a t'fhagail,
O'n rinn mi 'n drasd dhit an rann,
'S tha moran agam ri 'g rādh,
Nach cuir mi mhain aig an ām,
Ach gur leat durachd mo chridh',
'S gach ait' an suidh thu aig dram,
'S ceud soraidh slan duit a Dhomhnuill,
Tha gabhail comhnuidh 's a ghleann.

ORAN

DO

DHOMHNULL MAC BHEATHAIN

AN DROBHAIR A BH'ANNSAN T-SHLEAGHAICH, ACH A NIS ANN AM POLLOCHAIG.

Air Fonn—"Do shlainte dheagh dhuin' uasail."

'S a Dhomhnuill thogainn fonn ort,
Duine greannar feumail,

Fiughantach do nadur thu,
A's pairteil ri luchd feuma,
'S ceann-uidh daoine araidh thu,
'N uair tharlas air an fheile thu;
'S gualainn thaic nan cairdean thu,
'S a bheireadh 'n corr do d' fheumnaich;
Phaidheadh tu gu suaire iad,
Gun tuasaid bhi mu dheithinn;
'S ma labhras, mi air firinn,
Gur toil leam fhīn do bheusan.

Is lionmhor drobhair tapaidh,
Th' eadar Glascho agus Sleibhte,
An duth'aich Mhic Aoidh 's an Cata,
'S feadh Ros a' ceannach feadail;
Ach theid thu fēin air adhairt,
As an t-Shleaghaich romp gu ceutach,
S bi'dh agad *top* nan atharlan,
Is gheibh am marsant fēin iad.

Is caraid do na h-uaislean thu,
'N uair bhios an Tuath nan eiginn,
A chuid dhiu nach reic bōllachan,
Bidh iad a' togail spreidhe;

GHAIDHEALACH.

A's theid thu troimh a mhonadh-leo,
Ri sneachd a's reothadh geur ann,
'S bi'dh tu fein 's do cheatharnaich,
Leo seasamh latha feille.

'N sin thig deireadh bhliadhna oirnn,
'S cha bhi miagh air feadail,
Bi'dh na māil 'g an agairt, oirnn,
Cuid againn fada dheigh-laimh;
Ach bheir sinn sgriob gu Domhnull,
'S cha 'n fhaic e oirnn bonn eiginn,
Bheir e dhuinn an corr,
Gus an dean an t' ogradh eiridh.

Is thug mi barail geur ort,
A's chrioch mi chuir an cēile dhuit;
Is cliūiteach anns an talamhs' thu,
'S an Sasunn bithidh do dheilig';
'N uair sguireas tu de mharsantachd,
Bi'dh banc agad bhios reidh dhuit;
'S bi'dh Uilleam og a's Tearlach;
A' togail t' ait le cheile.

GHAIDHEALACH.

ORAN

DO

IAIN MAC-A-PHEARSAIN

A BH'ANN AN CRAGAIDH.

AIR FONN—"Mile marbhaisg air a ghoraich,
'S mairg a dh' oladh bhaanndi."

Gu ma slan duit 'Ic-a-Phearsain,
'S ro ghast thu anns gach ceārnaidh,
Bi'dh agad piob 's i lan tombaca,
'S tu cracaiseach mar b' ābhaist;
Bi'dh spor ri cruaidh 'g a bualadh tric,
Cuir Sradagan air paipeir,
'N sin cuiridh tu dhuinn teine suas,
Le luath bhios air do dhearnaibh.

Bi'dh tu fēin a's Domhnull Friseal,
Gu measail togail garaidh,
A's ni sibh rathad do dhaoin' uaisl',
Bhios comhnard cruaidh fo 'n sailean;
'S tu laimh ro ghleusd le ord a's pic,
O earrach gu Fēill-Mhairtinn;
'S 'n uair thig an sneachd a's geamhradh fuar,
An si fuaithidh tu le snāthaid.

Tha t' aodann fein co fearail, cruaidh,
'S do nadur uasal, cairdeach,
Air chor 's nach caochaladh tu snuadh,
Ri latha fuar no blatha;
Ach gu ma fada bhios tu beo
A dhuine chōir 's a thāillear,
Le lan do phiob a's *not* do phocaid,
A's beo-shlaint mar is āill leat.

GEARAN AIR CARAID.

Bha mo charaid ann an ēiginn,
'S o'n bu mhath leam a bhi rēidh 's e,
Fhuair e m' airgiod 's phaidh e fheich leis;
'S rinn e fuasgladh a bha feumail.

'N uair a thug mi dha e 'n iasad,
Shaoil leam gu 'm bu mhath an gniomh e;
Ach 'n uair a chaidh mis' dha iarraidh,
'S ann a dh' fhas e coimheach iargalt.

An sin chunnaic mi mo mhearachd,
Do nach d' thug mi trāth an aire;
'N ait' an cairdeas a bhi mairreant,
Chaill mi m' airgiod a's mo charaid.

ORAN

DO

DHUCHD WELLINGTON,

COMMANDAIR AN ARMAILT BHREATUNNAICH, AGUS ARD CHEANNAS ARMAILT FHAICHILLEACH NA FRAING.

O Eirinn! fhuair sinn buaidh na maise,
Wellington ard ghradh nan gaisgeach,
Comandair nan Arm calma tapaidh,
Bheireadh buaidh a'n cruas a bhataib

Aig *Waterloo* siubhal sanntach,
Comhraig dhian rinn mīle bantrach;
Fhuair urram thar cach sār chomandair,
Choisinn buaidh air Sluagh na Frainge.

Ri uchd namhaid dana reachdach,
Riaghladh chaich fo sgail nam Bratach,
Seoilte, ciūin a' dusgadh caismeachd,
A dhuil 's a threoir a'n seōid nam breachdan.

Leomhan mōr an tōs a bhatail,
Fiamh no sgāth gu brath cha ghlachd se;
Rusgadh lann le sannt a b' ait leis,
'S lamhach nan arm le garbh sgāirte.

Flāth na h-Eirinn speis nam buachaill;
Gaul nan saighd'ear 's toinnte buaidh leis;
Bheireadh barr 's gach ait' am buail se,
'S le lamh laidir tāmh an uachdair.

Ceann a ghliocais 's gibhtean dearbhta,
Suil na h-iolair 'n ionad fearga,
Choisinn meas le sliochd na h-Alba,
'S fir na h-Eirinn treun fo 'n armachd.

RAON CATH WATERLOO.

Raon na sgriosa, slios nan taibhse,
Fuil 'g a doirteadh, brōn na maighdeann,
Tubaist na mnaoi, claoidh nan saighd'ear,
Bu lionmhor mac nach fhac an oidhche.

DO CHOMUINN
NAM FIOR GHAIDHEAL.

Roi'-Radh.

*Dan a Bhaird is ūra lamh,
Bha ceithir bliadhna 's fichead na thāmh ;
Thug feartain fir nan Ard-bheann,
Srad-chuisle d'a Cheòlraidh gu rann.

Deagh-ghean a Bhaird gu binn,
Do chomuinn clann nam Mor-bheann,
Fileanta, deas-labhrach grinn,
Aig aithris Gaelic is fearr loinn.

---

* The Poetic lay that's now in heat,
From four and twenty years of rest;
The virtuous state of Morven's sons,
Rous'd his poetic vein and tongue.

Is speiseil gniomh nan Sār-mhac,
Aig altrum Gaelic le deagh bheachd,
Caint 'ur Sinnsreadh bu mhor tlachd,
Gabhaidh fo sgiath 'ur mōr neart.

Dion o namhaid 'ur cainnt, chlann mo rūn,
Cumaibh gach facal dh'i sabhailt mar bhall sùil;
Spèis a's urram d'a cairdean, taing a's cliù,
'S e ceud-ghin a Bhaird, failt a's muirn.

Air Fonn—"Theid mi le m' dheoin dhuchas Mhic-Leoid."

I—*Clann na Mor-bheinn.*

Gu Mor-bheinn gun dail soraidh le failt,
Ionad nam Baird Alabannach;
Gaidheal nan stuchd, buidheann mo rūn,
Sòlasach, ūr, feara-ghleusach;

Clann Mhoirbheinn mo thlachd, ceolmhorach ait,
Foghlum na mac seanachasach,

Gaisgich nam beann, fasgadh d'an cainnt,
'S blasdail o cheann Earra-Ghae'lach.

II—*Eididh Ghaidhealach.*

Clann Mhoirbheinn mo run, òrdail 's gach cũis,
Osan fo ghlun geala-mhaiseach,
Bonaide breachd 's feileadh nam pleat,
'S breachdana daitht' meanbh-bhasach;

Claidheamh nam bẽum ullamh gu feum,
'S biodaga geur geala-shliosach,
Siubhail nan gleann, buidhean nach fann,
Brog iallach theann 's barra-fhraochan.

III—*Cogadh no Sìth.*

'N cogadh no sìth macanta, mĩn,
Gaidheal o'n tir gharbh-ghlacach,

'N aonach nan cnoc gaolach gun lochd,
Meangan nan stoc seanachasach;

'S Gaelic nam beul, cànain na Feinn,
A dh'aithris gach sgeul sheana-chnàcais;
Mar smeorach nan geugceol'or gun' bheud,
Siubhail nan sleibh deanna-chàsach.

IV—*Cruinneacha Cath.*

'N àm tionail na sonn tarraing air lonn,
Barrandach trom armailteach;
Gaisgich nan carn tlachdmhor neo-mhall,
'S bratach ri crann ràbharrach;

'S caismeachd d'an tir speala na piob,
Faiceil gu strì meanamhaineach;
Finealt nam beus iomaird gu strèup,
'Gearradh nam beist 's feang orra.

GHAIDHEALACH.

V—*Comhraig Cath.*

A'n cruadal a chath suaicheantach math,
Uaislean nam flàth tàrbh-bhuilleach ;
'N uair shìneadh iad crosd-chiteadh gun toirt,
Cinn ann air dhroch charbhaireachd ;

Le'n cuilbheiridh gleust 's loma lanna geur,
A' gearradh le treun feara-bhuillean,
'Schiteadh nan déigh cuirp air droch ghreadh,
Nan cutan air feur gairisneach.

VI—*Iomain na Ruaig.*

'N àm iomain na ruaig cas-leumach luath,
Mar *Eilid* nam bruach, calg-bhiorach ;
Mar aitidh nam beann, gearradh nan gleann,
Faram le srann *borb-thuileach ;

* Unresisting flood.

'S ōg a rinn i ormsa toiseadh,
'S cha sguir i dhiom fhad 's is beo mi,
Ach sior mhaoidheadh ormsa stōras,
Och mo leon nach i bha falamh!
Ho gu tha mi, &c.

Feumaidh ise bhi na maigh'stir,
'S mise geilleachdain 's gach am dh' i,
'S 'n uair a dh 'eireas oirr' an t-angar,
Bidh 'n comand aice ge b' oil leam.
Ho gu tha mi, &c.

Ma labhras mi focal cainnte,
Fāsaidh ise sin co aingealt,
'S ann a mhaoidheas i 'sa cheann orm,
'S teichidh chlann gu cūl an doruis.
Ho gu tha mi, &c.

Bheirinn comhairl' air gach oig-fhear,
Gu'n e thoirt a ghaol do'n oigheag,
Ged bhiodh airgiod agus or aic,
Na leigibh dhoibh beo bhur dalladh.
Ho gu tha mi, &c.

GHAIDHEALACH.

Bithibh eolach air am beusan,
Mu'n d'thoir sibh moran spēis dhoibh;
'S ionainn coimeas corp na Ceiteag,
Ris a spreidh theid eug is t-earrach.

Ho gu tha mi, &c.

Saoilidh sibh ma bhios iad boidheach,
Nach 'eil cunnart dhui' nach cord sibh;
Gheibh sibh iad 's an gruaidh mar rōsaibh,
'S guth am beoil mar ghāth na nathrach.

Ho gu tha mi, &c.

Feumaidh esan a bhi cordaidh,
'S deanamh leis an tē a phōs e;
O na tharladh dh'a bhi gorach,
Chā dean fear tha beo ris malairt.

Ho gu tha mi air mo mhealladh,
Ciod e stā dhomh bhi 'g a ghearan?
Ho gu tha mi air mo mhealladh.

GHAIDHEALACH.

ORAN

LE

AINDRA MAC-ALDOMHNUICH.

A BH' ANN AN DUN-EUN,

Air dha' bhi ann an tinneas mor.

AIR FONN—"'S mithich dhomhsa bhi turs'geadh."

THI chuir mise gu leabaidh,
Gur ann agads tha m' eiridh;
Dh'aindeoin cungan an domhain,
Cha dean sinn gnothaich as t-eugais;
Mu'r d'thoir Thus' an *coimisein*,
Cha dean ni dhiu bonn feum dhomh.
'S tric a rinn thu rium cairdeas;
Cum do lamh rium 's mi m'eiginn.

Cum do lamh rium, 's mi m'eiginn,
Fulang ceusadh na feola;
Cha dean cungan bonn feum dhomh,
Mu'r d'thoir thu fhein dhoibh an t-ordugh.

CHAIDNEALACH.

Tha mo nadur air f'heuchainn,
'S mi aig eigheachd le doruinn;
Le cridh' fuar, 's e gun eud ann,
'S mor tha dh'fheum aig air sōlas.

'S mor tha dh'fheum aig air sōlas,
'N uair tha 'n f'heoil air a claoidheadh,
Fulang truaighean a pheacaidh,
'S mi gun neart, no gun chuimhn
Liuthad raoghain a fhuair mi;
Ged nach d'bhuannaich mi'n t-aon ni,
Dh'fhag sud mise nam thruaghan,
Bodhar truagh gun bhi cluinntinn.

Thi tha uile lan bhuadhach,
Dean an cruas ud a leaghadh,
Agus fosgail mo chluasan,
'S cuir gu gluasad mo mheodhail;
Tarraing mise le d' chordan,
Gu dorus trocair do thighe;
Cum a' sud ri mo bheo mi,
'S thoir dhomh cōir air bhi feitheamh.

Sud a chōir tha mi 'g iarruidh—
Gu'm bi Criosda dhomh cairdeach,

Dhoirt fhuil air cramma-ceusaidh,
  Dheana feum do shliochd Adhamh;
Ged tha mise neo-thoilt'nach,
  A's na m' throitear air t-aithn'ta,
Dean le d' Spiorad mo sheoladh,
  'S cum an comhnuidh do lamh rium.

Nise fosgail mo shuilean,
  'S cuir a dh'urnuigh gun dail mi,
Agus teagasg mo smuaintean,
  'N uair tha osnuich a bhāis ann;
Stiur mo cheumana direach,
  'S thoir an tiom mar is āil leat,
'S cuir do ghras ann a m' anam
  Chum 's gu 'n lean mi gu brath thu.

Thig a nise le sōlas,
  'S thoir dhomh eolas air labhairt;
Le do Spiorad bi co'dach
  Gu 'm bheil trocair rī fhaighinn;
Thoir dhomh roinn dheth na *phortion*
  Fhuair Pol o do chathair;
Cum gu h-iosal mi 'n cōmhnuidh,
  Deanadh bron air son m' aighear.

GHAIDHEALACH.

'S bochd a' sgeul tha ri 'g rāite,
Gu 'm bheil nadur na feola
'G iarruidh toil 's a cid mianna,
Thi cuir srian annta comhla;
Tha i nise air a ceusadh,
'G iarruidh deirce de shamchair;
Mu'r d'thig furtachd a dēigh so,
'S beag a dh'eisdeas i dhomhsa.

'S beag a dh'eisdeas i dhomhsa,
Mu'r bi comhnuidh ni's fearr aic;
Le do Spiorad bi co'dach,
Gu 'm bheil cōir dhomh air tearnadh;
Thoir dhomh tuigs' agus eolas,
Bho na's *portion* de d' ghras e;
Cum-s' faisg ort mi 'n comhnuidh,
'S thoir troimh Iordan a bhās mi.

Ach gu 'n deonaich an t-Ard Righ
E chuir 'n iarrtas ud fathast,
Dh'agaireadh cosna Chriosda,
Bheir gach pian as an rathad;
Cha do thoill mi thaobh gniomh e,
'S ni nach b' f'hiach mi gu faighinn;

GHAIDHEALACH.

Ach 's tric 'thaisbein thu trocair,
Air fear leointe 'se feitheamh.

Tha mise coslach ri Pharaoh,
'Nuair bha phlaighean air lionmhor,
'S 'n uair a gheibheadh e dāil annt;
Dh'eireadh ardan a's miann ann;
Tha sinn uile d' shliochd Adhamh,
Bhrist' an aithne thug Dia dha,
Chaidh siol de sud ann ar nadur,
'S thug e 'n airde meas fiadhaich.

Thug e 'n airde meas fiadhaich,
Cuid ri breugan 's ri mionnan,
Cuid ri neo-ghlain' 's ri meirle,
'S Cha 'n'eil aithn' air a cumail;
Thuit sinn cuide ri Adhamh,
Anns a gharadh ud uile,
'S chuid a thogas tu'n aird' dhiu,
Thoir dhoibh gras bhios 'ga 'n cumail,

Ach 's beag 'bheir'inns a dh'eiseachd,
Do luch'd bhreugan a's mhionnan,
N' uair a chith'd air an fheill iad,
Cha bhiodh an deiligeadh cumair,

Cuir an anam 'na eiric,
Leis an eud bh'annt' gu buinnig,
'S 'n uair a fhuair iad ri cheil i,
Chaidh iad reis do 'n tig leanna.

Bheir'inns comhairle sheolta,
Dha an oige tha 'g eiridh,
Fhad 's tha tairgs' ac' de throcair,
Gun bhi gorach mu dheithinn,
Tha cuid le ardan 's le prois dhiu,
Caitheamh moran gun fheum dheth,
'N uair thig aois agus leon orr',
Bhith 's iad bronach an deigh so.

Ach seall thusa ri seann duin',
Le a cheann an deigh liathadh,
Agus aodann air preasadh,
Chas cha sheas i le caola;
Cha ghabh oige n-ur leithsgeul,
'S cha 'n eil geilt orm a innseadh,
'N uair thig maor dh' an ur saradh,
Cha 'n fhear fabhar an t-aog dhuibh.

'S beag a chuir mi ri aireamh,
Gu de b' fhearr dhuinn a dhaoine,

GHAIDHEALACH.

Cha dean urnuigh gun bhlaths sinn,
Ach n-ar fagail ni 's faoine;
'N uair tha 'm peacadh aig arach,
Anns gach cearnuidh dhe 'n t-shaoghal,
'S mor tha dh' fheum air 'na grasan,
'Se 'm Fear-Tearnuidh bheir dhuinn iad.

Cum do lamh rium gu cairdeach,
'S thoir dhomh grasan a mholaidh;
Oibrich creidimh os 'n aird orm,
Gus an araich e m' anam;
Dh'fholaich mise mo thāland,
'N uair a b'fhearr dhomh bhi malairt;
'S 'n uair tha gairm thun a bhāis orm,
Dean dhe t-fhabhar mo ghlanadh.

Tha mo smaointean gun aireamh,
'S aobhar nāir' dhomh an aithris,
Ach ma runaich thu dāil dhomh,
Thoir dhomh grasan na caithris,
Dean mo stiūradh a' d' roidean,
'S thoir dhomh eolas bhios fallain,
Mar thug thu roimh do Iob,
'N uair bha e leoint 'g a do mholadh.

GHAIDHEALACH.

Fosgal suilean mo thuigse,
'S cuir ni 's trice mi dh' urniugh,
Ris an Tì th' air a chathair,
Dh' fhosgail Flaitheanas dhuinne,
Ged a dhuin sinn i rithist,
Le ar cridheachan dubailt;
Fhuair am peacadh fo dhuais sinn,
'S aobhar truais sinn gun iompa'.

Cha 'n 'eil mi tuille gu labhairt,
'S ann a chaidh mi dana;
Dean a nise do thoil rium,
Ma 's a deirce de shlaint e,
Ma 's a trioblaid tha feumail,
Dean mi reidh ris na 's aill leat,
'S cuir mo chridh air a ghleus ud,
Chum 's gu'n eigh mi riut tearnadh.

MARBHRANN

DO

LACHUNN MAC-AN-TOISICH

NA MOIGH, AGUS CAIPTEAN CHLOINN CHATAIN,

LE

EOIN MAC-SHEUMAIS.

CRADH na'n cradh, mar tha sinn uile gu leir
Thuit ar cridhe gu lar, 'mhain gu iomal ar cleibh
Thug ar n-aigne le stri, sinn fein gu silleadh nan deur,
Och is ochain a choidhch! tha do chuimhn' uainn 's bu bheud,

Gun thaisg sinn ar ceol, ar moralhuis agus argleus,
Ar n-onair ro mhor, Ceann-sloigh air bharaghd na'n ceud;
Sir Lachlun na ströl, na corn, 's na bratach, 's na'n teud,
Och m' an-ochdair mhor, gun t-fhaicinn gu lō'n t-sleibh.

'Mo mhulad ata, 's mō chunnart gu brath a' d' dheigh,
'S trom duilich ata, do chinneadh an drasta fein

CHAIDHEALACH.

Cha 'n airgead, 's cha 'n ni, 's chan 's ōr ata dhi
na spreidh
Ach Ceann-feadhna nam buadh, ga 'm bu shaibh-
reas tuath 's luchd teud.

Ceann-feadhna gun fheall, bhiodh gu meadhrach
an ām na speic.
Gu ma mheadhrach do ranc, 'n uair a dh'eigh tu
t-adbhans' gheur
Bu tu n-airidh gun sgā, bhiodh gu misneachail
ladair treun,
'S lionmhor fear agus mnāi, trom duilich mu d'
bhas fhir threin.

Eadar islean is uaislean, an criochaibh taobh tuadh
gu leir
Fir a spīonadh an gruag, lān mi-ghean is gruaim
'na d'dheigh ;
Tha do chinneadh fo ghruaim, ann an cumha
ro bhuan 's ro gheur
Dheagh Shir Lachluin nam buadh, 's ann a' Sa-
sunn a fhuair thu speis.

Fhuair thu tagha gach cliu, 's bha thu teoma air cul do sgeith
Mar a stailinn gun fheall, nach bristeadh gu brath 's nach geill
Leat nach b' eagal a bas, deagh fhead thoirt air cach 's bu bheud,
'S air ceud mile 'n ōr fhial, 's tu nach deanadh gu brath a bhreug.

Chaidh a chuibhle gu ceart, 's bha sith a cuir leat gu treun,
Dh' aontuich cridhe gach neach 's thainig gaoth oirnn a deas lē seid;
Fhuair thu soirbheas neo-mhall, agus aiseag gu t-aros fein,
'Sann an Eilein na'n ramh, a ghabh thu gu tamh na dheigh.

Tigh foirmeil nan tūr, nan organ a chiuil 's nan teud,
Gum b' ainmeil do chuirt, thug Albuinn an cliu dhuit fein;

Bu ghead 's bu dearg iad 'nan gnuis, 's bu bhiodheach an snuadh ri grein,
'G iomairt pios bhiodh aca 'g ol fion, 's fearr blas nam beul.

'Nuair thigeadh 'n oidhch', bhiodh lasadh air coing'libh cēir
Fomairt taileasg bi'dh aca, bithidh fileirean aca is beus;
Bithidh do thaileasg air bord, aig do chathraichibh mora fein,
Piob ga spealadh a' d' chlousa, is farum aig fonn nam teud.

Cha bi nonaid bha chli, do Bhain-tighearna rioghail fein,
Seal mu'u eiridh a ghrian, gu'm bu bhoidheach a gniomhraibh fein
Biodh a maighdeana min, air gach taobh dh'i cur sios a gleus,
Miann Marcuis is Diuchd, bhi ga faicinn le 'n sūilibh fein.

GHAIDHEALACH.

Fhuair thu meas thair gach mnāoi, an gliocas 's an gradh 's an ceill,
Agus misneach nach gann, chaidh thu shasunn 's cha b' ann gun speis,
Bha fios aig Breatunn mar bha, nach b' easuidh dh'i h-aileas fein,
Deagh Shir Lachlun an āigh, thighinn dhachaidh gun dail na deigh.

Ged bhithinn sa 'm chlārc, a m' bhard a' m' fhillidh na m' eisg,
Agus teanga' na m'cheann, labhradh gach cainnt fo'n ghrein,
Dubh is peann ann am laimh, chuir onair mo ghraidh an geill,
Sud an gnothach nach crioch, bhi cumha' mo Thriabh a dh'eug.

GHAIDHEALACH.

ORAN

EADAR

SAIGHDEAR AGUS A CHAIRDEAN

A BHA GA CHOMHAIRLEACHADH.

AIR FONN.—" Tha 'n oidhche nochd gle anrannach
's tha 'n Geamhradh fada fuar.'

Do bheatha bho na thainig thu a Cinn-taile nuas,
Cha ghoirid leam a thamh thu ann, 's an geamhradh fada fuar;
Seachd bliadhna leam gach seachdain 's thu 'n aite aonarach bochd truagh,
Tha mulad mōr a t-easuidh orm, lan airsteil agus gruaim.

Ceud taing airson do chairdeis dhuit, cha' nāis a chum mi uat,
Ach droch shìd a bhi da m' sharachadh, air chor 's nach taruinn gluas'd
Bha sneachda mor 'sna fasaichibh, is reothadh ladair cruaidh,
Nach bu lear dhomh ceum do'n rathad, le cāthadh na gaoith tuath.

Cha b'e meud na stoirm tha m' earbsa chum thu uam,
Cha 'n e a bha ga d' chuimrigeadh, ach suiridh anns gach uair,
Chuala mi sgeul iomra ort, ga innseadh anns gach ait,
Nach robh maighdean an taobhsa Bhearaic, do nach d' thug thu barachd graidh.

Cha b' ann a suirē bha mi, ged' tharladh dhomh 's an fhrī',
Ach sealltuinn air mo chairdean, ma fag mi fein an tir,
Cha'n eil mo chrodh 's na h-ardaibh, no mo lāthruichean 'sa bheinn,
Is fear gun fhon gun aiteach de a stā ni e do mhnaoi'.

Cha'n fhear gun fhonn gun aiteach thu, oir tha do cheirdean mor,
Cha sheasadh iad air mal dhuit, na 'n tamhadh tu ga'n coir,

GHAIDHEALACH.

Cha 'n eil thu fein co doibheirteach, 's nach dean
thu beagan stoir,
Is ga math a cheird an t-saighdeireachd, gur
oighreachd i gun choir.

S math aidhear agus foghlum, gus an ōige chu-
mail suas,
Aodach glan is sporsalachd, is ōl an dara cuairt.
'S nuair dh' agaras aois coir ort, bū mhath comh-
nuidh am measg 'na tuath,
Le innbhinn ghlan fhir-chinnidh, gus a fine chu-
mail suas.

Is cha 'n eil agams' raidhean, 's gun tamh mi
fada beo,
'S mar sin cha bhi mi rapadaich, ri aitribh na ri
stor,
Gheibh saighdear Righ mar chaitheas e, do dh'
airgead is do dh' ōl,
'S bean 'nuair dh' eireas subhac air, 's cuir uaith
'nuair thig an lō.

Sūd b' fhearr dhuit agad, aon bhean thaitneach-
phosd',
A chuireadh rian air fasta dhuit, 's a dheasuich-
eadh do lon,

'Se sud a b' fhearr 's bu cliutaich dhuit na te gun
diu gun doigh,
'S ge mor do threis a eireachdas 's e is deireadh
dh' i bhi bron.

Cha 'n eil mi fein ag radhuinn, nach eil pairt
do'n thubhairt thu ceart,
Tha moran cuir ri barganaibh, bhios cearbach
nan *contract*,
Ma 's ann a nī tha t-eirbsa, gun luaidh air deadhbh
no tlachd,
Cha n' eil ach spiorad saoghalta ann, 's cha bhi
e daoman aca.

Be sud mo thlachd 's mo rūn, bhi air thus a
bhrāgad.
Ite dhearg am bhoinead-sa 's mi 'g ullachadh gu
geard,
'S e b-annsa na dol do'n mhuilean sin, le baig-
nollach is e lān grain,
Is togaidh Muilleir molltair as, ceul contrachd
air a ghraisg.

GRAIDHEALACH.

BEANNUCHADH BAIRD

DO

MHAC-AN-TOISICH.

Gu'm beannuich an Sealbh ri-bheo laithean,
Ogan fiachail triath na firinn,
Mac-an-Toisich nam buadh, bhualadh mhiltean;
Ceannard an t-shuaigh ga'n dual direadh,
Catanuich chruaidh nach dh'fhuair mi-mhodh;
'S a leanadh an ruaig le buaidh chinnteach,
Le urram feachd saighdear seilge,
Bualadh ghaisgeach le duirun dhearga,
Tilleadh nan creach leat a dh' earbuinn;
Aon Mac-Toisich na h-Alba,
T-eagal air chuantain na faire,
Daingneachd mar charruig na cairge:
Gliscas mar nathair do mheinmna,
Cridhe neo-lochdach mar chalmon,
T-eideach mar luirich mhailleach,
T-intinn mar gheug urar fallain,
Marcach nan each cruidheach seanga,

Bheireadh air aghaidh 's gach gābhadh,
Tri Chait a sualcheantas mo ghraidh-sa,
Cridhe is lamh dearg mar leomhan borb,
Righ nan conaibh, mur cheann an Tuirc,
Air luing nan crannac, mar Iasg fo cheise,
Streap ri darrach, an t-sith sin leatsa,
Fhleasgaich fhallain.

ORAN

DO

FHEAR CHOILEACHI,

LE EOIN MAC SHEUMAIS.

AIR FONN—"Murt Ghlinne-comhann."

'S BEAG an t-ioghnadh mi chlisgeadh,
Liuthad caochladh tric tha nam dhail
Gur e dh' fhag mo shuil sillteach,
'S mo chridhe gun mhisneach an drast;
Ma 's a fior a sgeul fuadain,
Tha ga innseadh aig an tuath mu 'n chlar,
Is truagh a Righ nach breug uam e,
'S gu faicinn gu luath thusa ghraidh.

GHAIDHEALACH.

Ach gu faicinn do phiseach,
'S do Chlann air an lic air an robh cach,
Ann an teaghlach a phailteis,
Na maighdean 's na macana tlū;
Nam ban breagh ghruaidheach daite,
Chuir a sgiathan a mach anns an ait;
Fior Sliochd Uilleam-Ic-Lachluinn,
Co bheireadh dhoibh masladh na tair.

Ga b'e leubhadh do mhotte,
Gum b'e sligh do choir-sa do ghnath,
Bi'dh gu daingean ro dheonach,
Fhir adhartuich mhor-chuiseach thlā;
Bhiodh gu acfhuinneach treubhach,
Neo-ghealtach 'nuair theid thu 'sna blair,
'S ga b'e leanadh raitreata,
'S tu nach pilleadh an eiginn no 'n cās.

'S mairg a chitheadh a Cipher,
'S nach leubhadh an litir is fearr,
'S bu ro mhath chitheadh am mīnneiñ,
'S nach bu leir leis damh biorach nan carn;
Is amhuil sud 's mar tha sinne,
Do 'n gnath filleachd is dain,

GHAIDHEALACH.

Gu de mu 'n deanamaid t-fhiachuinn,
'S na fir āluinn nan laidh 'san traigh.

Sliochd Aillein bu treubhaiche,
Reachadh onarach feumail an cās,
'S lionar colua gu'n eiridh,
Bhiodh 'nan laighe fo chreuchdaibh an lamh;
Le neart nan lannaibh bu gheire
A call fola fo'n leintibh bhiodh cach,
Bhiodh gach namhaid is ruaig air
Le fir mo-chridhe ga 'm fuadach gu traigh.

Gur e ni tha mig 'g acain,
'S a chuir m' inntinn fo airteal 's fo phramh,
Mo chaochail thu Lachluinn,
Aghaidh aoillteachail mhaiseach an āigh,
A Mhic-Aonghuis nam bratach,
Chuireadh sīoda ri crannaibh an aird.
'S leis 'n gairmte sliochd Aillein,
'Nuair dh'eireadh iorghuill gu tarruing 'nan lamh.

GHAIDHEALACH.

BEANNACHADH BAIRD.

Deoch slainte nam Fior Ghaidheal,
D'am 'abhaist a bhi treun,
A sheasadh an garadh,
'S gach bearn bhiodh fheum,
Tha cinnteach bhi buadhach
An guaillibh a cheil,
Sa dheanadh gach Namhaid
Na'n cairdean dhoibh fein.

Translated.

Here's a health to True Highlanders, Sons of the Brave,
Whose valour attests your descent,
Ye stood in the breach our lov'd freedom to save,
To th' oppressor a death-blow have lent;
When, shoulder to shoulder, the torrent you stemm'd,
The laurel of victory circled your heads,
Your foes have turn'd friends, of injustice asham'd,
While admiring the fame of your deeds.

GHAIDHEALACH.

ORAN

DO

DHOMHNULL MAC-AOIDH.

AIR BHI DHA AIR A THIONDADH AMACH A CRAGAIDH;

Air Fonn—"Coire-gorm an fhasaich."

Is cianail mi 'san ām so,
'S mi sir dhol do na gleanntaibh,
'S nach faigh mi comas ann,
Ach a sanntuich mi fh'in;
Ach 's e 'n duine greannar,
Leig fuireach dhomh bho shamhradh,
Gus an d' thig an Geamhradh,
Gle theann air an ni.

Is nam b'e Maigh'stir Baili,
Bu mhaighistir do'n aite,
Cha 'n fhaighinn comas tamh ann,
Ged bhasuichinn fh'in;
'S ann a chuir e 'n ruaig orm,
Gu būn na craige ruaidh,
'S cha bhi mi choidch gun ghruaim,
'S cha bhuannachd dhomh i.

Is cruaidh an obair bath-chrith,
Bhi sirreadh dol an nairde,
Ga direadh is ga tearnadh,
Gu brath is iad agi;
'Nuair thig reothadh cruaidh oimn,
Cha 'n fhaigh iad fiu na druabaig,
Mar d'tholr iad căr mu'n cuairt uainn,
A suas feadh 'nan raon.

Cha'n fhaic mi lias do'n ghrein ann,
Aon latha ni mi eiridh,
Leis a churach bhreun,
Tha na bras bho 's ar c'inn;
'S ga math air a cuid aitich,
'S rosc an taite tamh i,
'S cha bhi mi choidhch' innt' sabhailt,
'S cha amh mi fein innte.

Ach' ann a thig an cruadal,
'Nair dh' eireas a ghaoth tuath oirnn,
Nair theid mi 'n catha-ruadh leo,
S ma 'm buannuichd mi cheann;
'S ged ruiginn an t-ailt' mor leo,
Cha 'n fhaigh mi dad do sholas,

Ach craobhan dona gobhlach,
'S e Gabhraibh thig ann.

'S ged ni mi suidhe laimh riu,
Cha'n fhada ni mi tamh ann,
'Nuair chuimhnicheas mi m' braigh,
'S e is fearr leam a dhol ann;
'Nuair thachras a bhean choir rium,
Bithidh botal aic' air sgornan,
'S gu faigh mi drama an tōs,
Gun a stop a bhi ann.

Is nam bithinn fein am bhard,
Gun innsinn so do d' chairdean,
An cliu a bh' ort air airde,
Bho 'n thainig thu ann;
Bha thu banail suairce,
Ri coigrich is daoine uaisle,
Is mor a b' fheaird an tuath
A thighinn fuar 'na do cheann.

Gheibh iad gach mi bhitheas feumail,
'S a mhadunn 'nuair a dh' eireas,
Gun airgiod na gun eir'dh air
Gun eiginn a bhi ann;

Gheibh iad īm is cāis uata',
Martail is deoch ladair,
'S a h-uile ni mar 's ail leo,
'S cha phaigh iad ach taing.

'S nuair theid mi seachad sios,
Fhar n-abhuinn do na sgriodan,
Bithidh Uilleam 's a luchd riaghlaidh,
Cur rian air an dram;
'S cha n'e stopan biosgail,
Bhios aguinn bho na ghriosaich,
Ach am botal pionta;
'S e lionta gus a cheann.

'Nuair thig tiom ar *morning*,
Bithidh truinnseirean an ordugh,
Is cupachan ro bhoidheach,
Ga 'n ōl bho gach ceann;
Bithidh farum feadh do sheomair,
Le fīdheil a th' aig Domhnull,
Clann nighean 's gillean ōga,
Cur seol air an damhsa.

ORAN

DO

MHAIGHISTEIR MACCULLOCH

A BH' ANN AM BAIL-NA-GOBHAN AIR BHI DHA AIG LAGH AIRSON CUIS CHRUAIDH.

Is cuiridh sinn na rainn-sa mu'n cuairt,
Do dheagh MacCulloch tha so thuas,
Is lionmhor duine bha for ghruaim,
'Nusir bha thu bh' uainn air allaban.
Oh cha 'n eil mulad oirnn,
C'arson a bhitheadh mulad oirnn,
Curam cha 'n eil oirnn na gruaim,
'S fada uainn a ghabhadh e.

'S ge do do tha na gaidheil gann,
Bheirinn car orra anns an rann,
'S bu tinn leis gach fear a cheann,
A ghabhadh ām gu t-fhaighinn uath'.
Oh chan'n eil, &c.

Ach ge d' thainig thu 'n ti gh-gheaird,
Cha reachadh tu do 'n tigh a h' airde,
'S bhitheadh luchd-fearruinn agus ait',
Mu na chlar a caitheadh uait'.
Oh cha n' eil, &c.

'S leat MacAoidh o'n mhuir thuath,
Rothuich Pholuis is ailte snuadh,
Daoine measail choisinn buaidh,
Is Locart Ross bho dhruim a chuainn.
Oh cha 'n eil, &c.

'S lionmhor fear ad agus bhota,
A shiubhladh fada leat 's a choir,
Rossuich agus Clann MhicLeoid,
'S na bha Chloinn Mhic Culloich beo.
Oh cha 'n eil, &c.

Is calpa cruinn thu measg 'nan ceud,
Is drobhair tha math air an fheill,
Bhiodh do ghilleann 'na do dheigh,
Leis na h-eich a bhuithneadh reis.
Oh cha 'n eil, &c.

'S lionmhor duine leis am bu bheud,
Gun reachadh do theaghlach an eis,
Do bhean thapaidh mar riut fein,
Bho Chloinn Mhic Culloich sibh le cheil.
Oh cha 'n eil, &c.

Is caite faic mi an deas no 'n tuath,
Coslas do mheas maiseach suairc,

Clann nigheann agad 's ailte snuadh,
Is fāighneachan do 'n ōr 'nan cluais.
Oh cha 'n eil, &c.

Is tha do sgoilleirean glan ōg,
Anns a Cholaist air am bord ;
Is dhuraichdinn an claisinn posda,
'S an tuath a bhi cinneachadh fopa.
Oh cha 'n eil, &c.

Is lionmhor bochdan a bha fo chradh,
Anns an fhearann robh thu thamh,
A ghuidheadh leat air tir is air sāil,
Thu thighinn dhachaidh so gu slān.
Oh cha 'n eil, &c.

'S a bhliadhna sīn iad riut ri stri,
Ged' chaith thu pairt do nī,
Chaidh thu bhaile mor an Righ,
Is fhuair thu dhachaidh le do shith.
Oh cha 'n eil, &c.

GHAIDHEALACH.

CUMHA

SHEUMAIS MHIC-AN-TOISICH,

TIGHEARNA FARR.*

AIR FONN—" Och mo mhuire 's mo dhunaidh.

OCH gur mise tha bronach,
Bho na chual mi nach beo thu,
Dheagh FHIR FARRA mo leonadh,
Cridhe fialaidh gun ghō ann;
Baidheil caoineil gun mhorchuis;
Fearail uasal 's bu choir dhuit,
'S tu chumadh ceartas 's gach doigh ruinn,
Ach tha thu nise fo'n fhōd anns a Chill.
Ach tha thu nise fo'n fhōd anns a Chill.

Tha 'n duthaich uile dheth doineach,
Tha do thuadh air an leonadh,
'S cha 'n ioghnadh sud dhomhsa,
Oir cha 'n fhaic iad ri'm beo e;

* The lamented death of this Christian, venerable, and patriotic character having occurred while the present Volume is in Press, the Author, in justice to his feelings, has cheerfully submitted to some inconvenience, in order that the present humble but heartfelt Tribute to the memory of departed Worth, might appear in its pages.

GHAIDHEALACH.

A Strathnarrunn an comhnuidh,
Neach a lionas do chota
Chum seasamh an Coir dhoibh,
Dheagh Fhir Farra bu mhor dhoibh do phris,
Dheagh Fhir Farra, &c.

Ceann-uidhe 'nan ceud thu,
Dh' fhas gu misneachail treubhach,
Dheanadh comhnadh ri feumnaich,
'S leis nach b' fhiu bhi ri eucoir,
Chumadh coir anns gach ceum ruinn;
'S nach deanadh ar leireadh,
Bu tu 'n Catanach ceutach,
Och mo chreach sgar an 't-eug thu 's cha phill.
Och mo chreach, &c.

Cliu do 'n Ti a thug uainn thu,
Nach d'fhag t-oighreachd gun Bhuachaill,
'S ge d' tha Seumas fad uianne,
Thig e dhachaidh thair chuantan,
Gu riaghladh a thuadha:
Agus Alastair uasal,
Bhios na Sheanlair 's dual leam,
Dhearbh e mhisneach 's a chruadal do 'n Righ.
Dhearbh e, &c.

Do mhac eile ni fagam,
Sīm mo chridhe an tarmunn,
Lan do bhuaidhean nam Braigheach.
Cridhe suairce ro chairdeil,
Fearail cruaidh mar fhior Ghaidheal,
Duineil stuama gun ardan,
'S e nach obadh an gābhadh,
Nōtair tagairt gach cōir e fo 'n Righ.
Nōtair tagairt, &c.

Tha do Bhain-tighearna chliutach,
S' h-ōg Mhaighdeanan ciuine;
Ro chraiteach a's t-ionnas,
Bho 'n la chāireadh 's an ūir thu,
An cridhe briste air an ciuradh,
'S deoir a silleadh bho sullibh,
'S mor an aobhar 's cha 'n ioghnadh,
Tha 'n Cul-taice, 's na duchadh fo'n fho'd.
Tha 'n Cul-taice, &c.

GHAIDHEALACH.

ORAN

DO

UILLEAM DOMHNULLACH,

ANN AN

INBHIRNIS;

AGUS DO 'N

TURUS GU CILL-A-CHUIMEAN.

AIR FONN—"Fhudud! fhudud! a Thighearna Ghraant,
An cuir thu 'n ceann gun fhuireach dhiomh."

A's failt ort fein nis Uilleam choir,
'S e clann Mhic-Dhomhnuill is fine dhuit,
A's thachair thu rium air Dir-daon,
Mar dhuine gaolach furanach.
A's thachair thu, &c.

'Nuair thainig sinn gus a cheud tigh-osda,
Chuir thu dram air bord gun uireasbhuidh.
'N uair thainig, &c.*

'N uair thainig sinn gu ait ni b'fhearr,
Bha diot air clair a's cuireadh ann,

* Gach da loinne an deigh a cheud rann ri bhi air an ath-aris.

Bha Maighstir Friseal an sin 's thu fein,
Mar daoine treubhach urramach.

S' gu Cill-a-Chuimean thog sinn ar triall.
A's chrom a ghrian gu buileach oirnn.

An t'uisg bha frasadh oirnn os 'n aird,
Ma's d'fhuair sinn aite fuireach ann.

Bha 'n oidhche fliuch a's i ro dhorch,
Measg creagan garbh a's cunnartach.

Sin chaill mi fein a cheathairn choir,
'S rinn sud mo leon gu guineach ann.

Ach thainig mi gu tigh fadheoidh,
'S cha d'fhuair mi toir air duine dhiubh.

Ach deagh Mhac-a-Leathain o Inbherlochaidh,
Bha e dhomhs' na chuideachd ann.

'S ged bhiodh an oidhche co fad ri tri,
Cha 'n fhasainn sgith 's e cuide rium.

Sin thainig fear le feusag mhoir,
'S e cuir an ordugh ghunnachan,

A thain' an sin o Cirinn thall,
Le daoine gālla nach buineadh dhuinn.

Ma chi mi rithist thu Uilleam choir,
'S iad sud na sgeoil mar chunna' mi.

'S gu'n robh thu choidh a' measg nam beo,
San Rioghachd inhor tha maireanach.

'S 'n uair theid do ghairm a so a nunn,
O duais fior chlann gu faigh thu ann.

DEOCH SLAINTE.

Deoch slainte nam Fior Ghaidheal,
D'am 'abhaist a bhi treun,
A sheasadh an garadh,
'S gach bearn bhiodh an fheum,
Tha cinnteach bhi buadhach
An guaillibh a cheil,
Sa dheanadh gach Namhaid
Na'n cairdean dhoibh fein.

GHAIDHEALACH.

BEANNACHADH BAIRD

DO

BHARD MHIC-LEOID.

A s failt ort fhein a Bhaird Mhic-Leoid,
'S deas thig brog dhuit agus osan,
Feileadh-beag a's cota-gearr,
'S do dhealbh air sraid ann so cha'n fhaic sinn.

Thogainn fonn gun bhi troni,
Thogainn fonn ort a ghaisgich.

DEOCH SLAINTE NAN GAIDHEAL

Deoch slainte nan Gaidheal,
'S gach bealach a's braigh,
Luchd feuchain an cairdeas,
Feadh aireamh nan gleann,
Luchd siul nam beann du-ghorm,
Luchd seasadh nar ducha,
Fir threubhach nach lubadh,
'S a stiuradh an drām.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO A MAN WHO WISHED TO "BANISH ALL POETRY OUT OF THE NATION."

SIR, in order to be plain,
We'll never ask your name again;
But never frown nor surly look
Upon a Poet or his Book:
The tender heart and gen'rous mind
A Poet ever likes to find,
But selfish surly curs, I'm sure,
No Bard in nature can endure.
Whatever names adorn my list,
The least compares with thine, I trust:
So keep your money in your purse,
Thy favours would degrade my *horse*.

ERRATA.

In Page 127, omit the 6th line from the top, and read the following five lines in its stead :—

'N uair is air an eiginn.

Is aoidhe measg na cuideach thu,
'S cha scrubair thu mu'n fheudail,
Is ro mhath ceannach drobh thu,
'S a bheireadh 'n corr do dh'fheumnaich ;

Page 52, line 7 from the top, for breaths read breathes.
—— 68, line 5 from the top, for Glenmore read Kenmore.
—— 116, line 17 from the top, read cheidh cha.
—— 117, line 2 from the bottom, for rinno read rinn.
—— 119, line 12 from the top, for Ci'dh read bi'dh.
—— —— line 3 from the bottom, for airt read aire.
—— 123, line 3 from the bottom, for aoibhneas read aoibhneas.
—— 124, line 3 from top, for agaile read agailc.

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